

DECEMBER 1898.

NEW SERIES. PART XXVI.

THE LEISURE HOUR



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"BARRING OUT."

FROM THE PAINTING BY RALPH HEADLY.

A PRINCE AND HIS FATHER.

BY MICHAEL A. MORRISON, AUTHOR OF "NADYA," ETC.



"I AM SORRY MY GOOD MAN IS NOT AT HOME, TO RECEIVE YOU."

CHAPTER V.—PAUL RICHTER.

THE next few days were spent by Frank and his pupil in delightful rambles through the magnificent park. Chlodwig had the prehensile eye of the artist for the beauties of nature, and led his tutor to those spots of supreme sylvan loveliness which were favourite resting-places of his. They would sit and enjoy prolonged chats in the shade of some giant tree, and Frank speedily grew to understand the charm and sincerity of his young companion's character, his utter unworldliness, his eager longing to be no mere cumberer of the ground, but a worker in the cause of humanity, in however humble a capacity. All Chlodwig's notions, it is true, were crude and unformed, and often impracticable. There was a complete lack of system in the plans for the future which he was fond of sketching for his friend's approval, but

Frank nevertheless could not help recognising that he had thought much and often profoundly on many of the problems of life which are crying aloud for solution.

He was much struck during their talks together with Chlodwig's frequent references to Richter. The ex-pastor's opinion was always authoritative. Frank soon discovered that the youth's whole cast of thought had been powerfully influenced by the words which Richter had let fall in his few meetings with him. Frank heard sufficient to excite his curiosity, and he fully shared Chlodwig's earnest desire that they should soon meet together. His difficulty, however, was the hostile attitude towards Richter which the old Prince had taken up, and he made various excuses for postponing their visit to Uhlmünster until he was more certain of his position in the Prince's household.

Sometimes their excursions extended beyond

the confines of the park to a beautiful meadow-land, where the little river, which tumbled over the rocks in its course below the Schloss, widened out and lay full and still between its low grassy banks. Among Cunliffe's accomplishments was the gentle art of angling, and he proposed beginning Chlodwig's outdoor education by imparting to him some of its mysteries. He was not of Dr. Johnson's opinion that angling means a rod with a fly at one end and a fool at the other. Indeed, few things rankled so deeply in his mind as this *obiter dictum* of the Mitre.

To these lowland meadows the two friends came every afternoon. Chlodwig seemed to feel a natural inclination for the shade and gloom



NOT THE ACCEPTED CLERICAL CUT.

of the forest. Frank taught him that there were greater delights in the sunny meadows decked with daisies and primroses, with the breezes blowing cool across them fresh from the hills, and scented with the perfume of spring grasses and wild thyme.

Frank had been now a week at Bostel, and with Chlodwig he was returning to the castle from their usual fishing expedition, carrying in his basket the somewhat scanty spoils of the afternoon's sport. It was a brilliant evening, and the westering sun was flooding the whole landscape with its golden rays. They had crossed the meadows and had reached the

main road leading to the castle, which stood far in front of them, a most lordly object, its windows aflame with the sunset glow. The two companions were chatting merrily about their meagre luck, Frank being sure that their three diminutive trout would afford considerable fun at dinner, when Chlodwig suddenly interrupted him, caught his arm, and in a delighted voice cried out, "Frank, there's Richter at last! He sees us."

Chlodwig was pointing to a peasant's cottage a little removed from the road. At the door were two figures—an old woman bowed and leaning on a stick, and a man whom Frank at once recognised as a person of uncommon stature and appearance. They shook hands and parted, and the woman stood at the door, shading her eyes with her hand, watching the giant form as it hastened down the path to the road.

Frank felt uncomfortable, as he was not quite certain what attitude he ought to assume towards this heretical person, whose loose-fitting worn light tweed suit was as remote as possible from the accepted clerical cut. He caught himself thinking that if a minister of the Gospel appeared in England or Scotland in that garb, it would be thought that a man who showed such originality in matters which pertained to the flesh was too likely to have cast aside the recognised restraints of the spirit. Of course Frank Cunliffe himself was far beyond this point of view. He was proud to think that he never judged men by their externals, and yet next moment he found himself judging Richter favourably, and taking the deepest interest in him because his smile was so frank, his voice so melodious, and because his manly features seemed worn by vigil, and fasting, and care.

The meeting between the young Prince and the dispossessed pastor was of a most affectionate nature, and it was obvious that the sincerest friendship existed between them. As they chatted together the tutor had an opportunity of observing closely this man, whose strong character had impressed itself so deeply on the mind of his young friend. His powerful features, which almost bordered on coarseness, and which in repose were stern and severe, were indicative of great sagacity and depth of thought, but now wore an expression of softness, almost feminine in its sweetness. His eyes were grey and penetrating, and his firm lips and chin, covered by a close-cropped brown beard and drooping moustache, showed him a man of energy and force, an impression which his broad shoulders and resolute bearing only confirmed. His manner of speaking was grave and simple, his voice low and gentle and wonderfully musical. Frank had no idea that harsh German gutturals could be robbed of so much of their ruggedness. Richter turned to Frank.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," he said, with a sunny smile. "Before you arrived Chlodwig and I talked about you much, and hoped that you would be our friend and guide and sometimes our companion." For a second

time he held out his hand to the tutor, who clasped it and shook it warmly.

"I have heard of you often from Chlodwig," replied Frank; "his friends are mine." Frank hesitated a little before he added, "I fear our opportunities for being together will not be so frequent as we all might wish. We hope soon to visit you in Uhlmünster, perhaps on a day when we can spare sufficient time to see the town as well as to get an idea of your work."

Frank's words were somewhat cold and formal, and both Chlodwig and Richter felt them to be so. Richter perfectly understood the position, but Chlodwig fired up at once.

"I shall always have time to visit you, Paul, and to talk with you. If Mr. Cunliffe cannot come, I shall come alone. My friends no one will rob me of." He flushed, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Chlodwig," said Richter, with a gentle grave look in his eyes, "Mr. Cunliffe perhaps is aware that I am not much in favour with your father, and until he knows you better, and has learned that I am not nearly so dangerous an individual as I am represented to be, he is quite right in hesitating before he risks incurring the Prince's anger. I would only assure Mr. Cunliffe that I have never in my life spoken to sow dissension between him and the people in Uhlmünster. Unfortunately he believes that I have. It is quite an erroneous belief. I love this boy as a younger brother. We are united by more than one bond, but the strongest of these is that we love our patient, suffering, sorrowing fellow-men, and are pledged to do all in our power to lighten the burden whose weight crushes them to earth. Good-bye, and God bless you both."

Without offering his hand, he abruptly turned from them, and with hasty strides resumed his way to Uhlmünster. As they passed the cottage they noticed that the woman at the door was not regarding them. With shaded eyes she was still watching Paul Richter as he hurried along the road to where the reek of the furnaces of Uhlmünster rose up a dark film between her and the glowing west.

Frank ignored the shadow of difference which had risen between him and his pupil.

"What a splendid fellow your friend Richter is!" he said. "Do you know I should like to visit that woman and hear her opinion of him. Let us go back; I wish to talk to her."

The honest praise of his friend cleared Chlodwig's face of the slight cloud which had rested on it, and he gladly consented to lead Frank back to the cottage. He did not know the people, he said, but they were labourers on the estate and would know him.

He was quite right. The old woman knew the heir of the proud house of Arnsberg. A spasm of pain crossed her features as she bent herself still lower before him. It was the first time her abode had been visited by one of the family, and she said so with trembling voice, as she led the way from the bright afternoon

light into its dark interior. A pig scuttled out of the house between Frank's legs. The uneven earthen floor was damp and unclean, and an offensive smell as of rotting straw pervaded the place. The only bright spot in the foul and gloomy room was a gaudily coloured but tattered picture of the Virgin displaying her burning heart. A small brightly polished brass vessel for holy water was fastened to the wall below it. The bent woman with her soiled apron wiped a space on a wooden bench and with shaking voice invited her visitors to be seated.

"I'm sorry my good man is not at home to receive you," she began, "but he ought soon to be here now. His work is far away, and he cannot walk so fast now as he used to do. He might be home earlier, but after his work he gathers firewood in the forest, and we are very thankful to the Serenity that he permits my Hermann to gather firing for the long winter."

"What does your husband do, my good woman?" asked Chlodwig.

"He is one of the swineherds of your Serenity's Herr father. His wages are not much now. He is an old man, and cannot expect so much as he used to get. If *she* did not help us"—the woman looked at the discoloured picture of the Virgin, and spoke with the superstition which had become part of her nature—"I don't know what we would do. Thanks to her holy name for sending us the friend you know. He is a good man."

"Have you known our friend a long time?"

"More than a year. See, he has just brought me this." She took the lid off a broken dish and displayed a small packet of coffee and another of sugar. "He has walked all the way from Uhlmünster to see me, and to bring me word about our little Bertha—God and the Holy Saints bless him. You may never have seen our little Bertha?"

"I don't think I have. Is she your daughter?"

"No, your Serenity. All my children the Lord has taken. She is our granddaughter. You see she took sick here. It's very damp here." The old woman hobbled across to the wall and rubbed some of the soft discoloured yellow wash from the wall with her fingers to show her visitors how very damp it was. "Our little Bertha took aches in her bones, and cried all night and groaned all day. Hermann was always tired and slept, and could not attend to her at night, and I am a cripple myself, and so our little Bertha got worse, and her long yellow hair, that I used to keep so nice, all fell off. And, worse than that, she grew blind, quite blind, your Serenity. I used to cry to the Blessed Virgin to help us. Then our friend came, and he took the little one away to the town, where she is well cared for."

"And is Bertha getting better?" asked Chlodwig, whose interest in the pathetic little narrative was evidently intense.

"Oh, yes, thank God. He has just been to tell me how she is. She has very little pain

now, and her hair is beginning to grow again, but her light is gone out for ever."

The woman rocked herself from side to side, and crossed herself, with her dim bleared eyes fixed on the tattered picture, and her lips moving.

"Does he often come to see you?"

"Once a week, your Serenity; and every time he comes he brings us our coffee and sugar, bless his kind heart, and a greeting from the little one. He always tries to come when Hermann is at home, for my good man and he are great friends, and talk about things that I don't much understand. He had good



THE DOORWAY DARKENED.

schooling, had Hermann. Ah, here he is at last!"

The doorway darkened, and a haggard, emaciated old man stood in it, carrying on his bent back the heavy load of rotten firewood he had picked up in the forest on his long way home. He dropped his load in a corner, and straightened his stiff back with difficulty as he stood before the two strangers, whom he did not at once recognise in the gloom of his hut.

He offered a stained horny hand to the young men, and, recognising the Prince, made a profound obeisance to him. He welcomed them with gravity and extreme courtesy, and begged

that they might stay a little longer until he could prepare a cup of coffee for them.

"If I could only show your Serenity how grateful I am to you and to his Serenity your Herr father, I would be happy. We have this cottage here for a very small rent, and the permission to gather firewood, and that bit of garden there. We have never been able to say how thankful we are for all the kindness shown to us now that I am past my work. Oh, yes, we have our troubles, of course," he added, looking at his wife, "but they are not as great as some people's."

Chlodwig and Frank rose and shook hands with the old couple. They had to hasten home, they said, as they were expected. The old people accompanied them to the door with repeated obeisances.

"Go on," said Chlodwig to Frank, "I'll overtake you in a minute." He returned to the old people, and together they entered the hut. It was not until long afterwards that Frank heard from the swineherd how the young Serenity had left his purse with them, and how the tears came into his eyes when he expressed a hope that little Bertha might recover her sight.

Together they approached the Schloss in silence, but they were thinking the same thoughts. They were thinking of the old, broken, lonely couple in the damp, malodorous hut on the hillside, of the golden-haired child who had become blind after years of unspeakable pain. They were wondering how many of such stricken people there were around that stately pile of Rothenbostel.

They looked up at the lights in the castle windows. The air was fragrant with the perfume of the southern shrubs and the spring flowers in the terrace gardens. The marble statues glistened, and the waters of the fountains fell with a musical splash on old Neptune's garlanded head.

Old Rudolf in his best livery met them under the stately arch of the portal with something like a smile on his grim visage, and rubbing his hands softly together.

"Your Serenity," he murmured, "will be pleased to hear that Prince Ernst has arrived, and is with his Herr uncle and his Fräulein cousins in the library."

Chlodwig gave a start of surprise, and Frank noticed that he grew a shade paler.

CHAPTER VI.—THE PRINCE'S NEPHEW.

ERNST VON ARNSBERG was the only son of a younger brother of the Prince of Rothenbostel who died before he was born. His mother was a vain, commonplace woman, with sordid ambition as her master passion. She would intrigue for a month to obtain an invitation to a court ball, and save and scrape for six months to purchase a robe in which she might outshine a certain hated privy councillor's lady who lived next door, or fill with envy the soul of that upstart Gräfin

Zweidorf, who was only the daughter of a petty judge. With a heart full of envy, hatred, and malice she struggled and intrigued in the midst of the highest circles of Berlin society to secure her position within the sunshine of court favour, and this on an income which was always below her expenditure. She had never been beautiful, she had no accomplishments, but she had married an Arnsberg, and in consequence she had become a social notability of a sort. Unable to secure the bright particular stars of society as visitors to her showily furnished mansion on the Unter den Linden, she was driven to fill her salons with luminaries of the second magnitude, men and women who felt it an honour to see the visiting card of a Princess von Arnsberg on their hall tables, who enjoyed the tittle-tattle of her vicious tongue and the more or less veracious bits of scandal about the Emperor and his immediate *entourage* which she was in a position to retail.

This was the atmosphere and soil in which Ernst von Arnsberg was reared, and the plant grew in perfect response to its surroundings. He became a toady to his superiors in the social scale, and insufferably arrogant to those whom he imagined beneath him. Nature had bestowed on him a pleasing exterior. Blond and blue-eyed like his mother, he was built on delicate lines, with nothing that was square or angular about his appearance, with much that was curvilinear and sensuous. He affected literary and female society, but his literary friends he sought among that class of writers who believe that a beautiful verse meaning nothing is superior to a verse less beautiful meaning something; and his lady friends were generally those who bore mellifluous Frenchified names, like Emmeline, Odette, Aline, and Irène, and who played dubious rôles in German comedies borrowed from Paris. With his poet friends he was full of latter-day glooms and fashionable melancholies, with his Odettes and Irènes he was gallant and gay, moderately extravagant, and always scrupulously dressed and scented.

His mother adored him. Perhaps it was the one redeeming feature in her character. She did not know his faults; had she known them she would not have recognised them as faults. Much of her struggling and intriguing, it is justice to explain, was on his behalf. She fancied, with some reason, that he was possessed of consummate diplomatic skill, and it was her ambition to see him enter the ranks of those young bloods of highest birth in the Wilhelm Strasse, who are selected to represent the German Empire at foreign courts. This was an ambition which was on the road towards fulfilment. Her brother-in-law of Rothenbostel had taken an inordinate fancy to her son, invited him always to spend his holidays at Bostel Schloss, and showed him other more substantial marks of his favour, which were not only highly appreciated by Prince Ernst, but helped to supply the lively Odettes and Irènes with many of the luxuries of life.

His uncle's influence in the highest quarters was assured, and as the professors at the university were not too exigent with a scion of the great Arnsberg family, life went easy with the young man, and his path was apparently strewn with roses. His mother, after a season of worry and struggle, would reflect that her work in life would be in a measure accomplished if she saw her handsome Ernst accredited to an European court—she would prefer Vienna or Rome. He was sure to marry one of his wealthy cousins of Bostel—here again she had a preference, which was Johanna; and if anything should happen to Chlodwig, which was very probable, as his health was precarious, the entire property might eventually be his. More than a score of times mother and son had discussed these bright prospects for the future, but of the two the mother was more sanguine of their realisation. Prince Ernst had grave doubts on the subject, but he thought it better not to express them.

When Chlodwig and Frank Cunliffe arrived at the Schloss from their encounter with Richter and the swineherd, they were perhaps more annoyed than surprised to hear of Ernst's arrival. For days indeed he had been expected, and on several occasions the old Prince had expressed the pleasure which he was sure to obtain in the society of his well-beloved nephew. But although nothing was ever uttered in Frank's presence which justified the belief, he was certain that no one else, unless it was Miss Bowles, looked forward to Ernst's visit with anything but feelings of annoyance and apprehension. Neither Chlodwig nor his sisters ever mentioned his name to Frank, and their father's allusions to his success at the university, the likelihood of his soon entering the diplomatic service, and his cleverness generally, were received only by Miss Bowles as matters of deep importance, but passed over by the others with a silence which Frank regarded as significant. The few words which old Rudolf had let fall on that first day had not been forgotten by Frank, and an unpleasant foreboding took possession of him that Prince Ernst and he would probably have a serious quarrel on some very silly or inadequate grounds, which might end with disaster either to him or to his pupil.

When he reached the library the whole family was assembled. The Prince stepped forward to introduce his nephew, who extended a portion of a jewelled hand for Frank's acceptance, and without a word turned abruptly away to resume his interrupted conversation with Elsa and Johanna. Frank noted the handsome, pale, slightly bloated face, the curling scented fair hair, the white carefully tended hands, the perfect tailoring, the air of absolute ease in action and phrase. He was disgusted at it all, and set down Prince Ernst as a fop. At the slight put upon him he might have felt resentment, but Johanna at that moment had looked up into his face a half second longer than the ordinary form of greeting accords—the sort of look which is nothing at all when there is no

spiritual apprehension behind it, and which is so very much when there is. It satisfied Frank. He sat down beside Chlodwig and Miss Bowles, to whom the Prince, in one of his more natural moods, was engaged in telling anecdotes of a certain Russian autocrat whom he had known rather intimately in his early youth, when he was an attaché at St. Petersburg.

"The Tsar was the most accessible of monarchs," he was saying. "I remember once I called at the palace to offer my congratulations to his Majesty. It was his name's day. The first hall I entered was full of peasants from the surrounding villages, with policemen marshalling them in rows; the second room, not so large, was filled with St. Petersburg merchants, who were kept in straight rows by the minor court functionaries. In the third room were crowds of state officials from the various ministries of all ranks except the very highest. They were all in uniform, of course, but nobody made any attempt to introduce order into their ranks. There was a comparatively limited gathering in the fourth chamber—ministers, the highest court officials, and members of the diplomatic corps. Before every man of all these diverse crowds his Majesty passed smiling and chatting, beginning with the highest minister of state in his stars, and ending with the trembling peasant in his sheepskin. I was much affected," added the Prince, "and shall always remember the scene as an apt illustration of the advantages of a really paternal system of government."

"How condescending of the Emperor!" said Miss Bowles rapturously, looking to Frank for corroboration. "It must have been very touching."

The two girls and Ernst had joined the party, and heard the end of the Prince's reminiscence.

"Wasn't it nice of the dear Tsar?" continued the descendant of Sir Bowles de Bowles, addressing Ernst.

"Very nice," the young man replied with a drawl, "but I don't think he particularly enjoyed rooms number one and two, especially the aroma of those sheepskins."

"I can quite conceive," said Chlodwig, "that perhaps the Tsar discovered as much love and loyalty under the sheepskins as behind the jewelled insignia of the ministers." He flushed as he spoke.

But Ernst was not to be silenced. "I question if the sheepskin fellows quite understood what love and loyalty are. These people are very dense, and certainly not chivalrous."

"But," said Frank, coming to his friend's assistance, "was it not a half score of these highest court functionaries who were afterwards accused of a plot to murder this very Tsar? The same story holds good of nearly every other country in Europe—the nobles and court rebel, and plot, and depose."

"Louis XVI and Charles I," murmured Ernst.

"Two exceptions."

"The North American colonies," added Ernst.

"Quite a different matter. There the colonists rose against the right of England to tax them. They were not thinking of deposing the king. They were, generally speaking, loyal subjects."

"Well, I doubt that. But that is just my point," persisted Ernst, turning on Johanna a self-satisfied look, as though he would say, "See how I play with this fellow!" "No," he resumed, "the people are never satisfied, and are always ungrateful. The concessions of to-day are made the basis for fresh demands to-morrow. Concede nothing, ought to be a principle with the governing classes."

"Except when compelled by fear," interrupted Chlodwig.

Ernst ignored his cousin. "Once let in the lower orders to a share in the guidance of the state, and everything that we hold dear is imperilled."

Frank noticed the emphasis which excluded him from the evil effects of popular government. The future diplomatist continued, with a look at his uncle suing for approbation:

"We have, I think, the saddest proof of my statement in our own Germany. A thankless multitude are pressing in upon us from all sides envying us our privileges, our estates, our wealth. They cry out for reform, they mean revolution."

"Exactly what I feel," said the Prince, bestowing the expected approval.

"Too true," sighed Miss Bowles.

"But what have they to be thankful for?" The question came in low vibrating tones. It was Elsa who spoke, with downcast eyes.

"Oh, my dear child!" was all Miss Bowles could utter, but Ernst was in his element. His delight was in his own sounding words, and if he could only now get in an acute antithesis or culminating sentence he would feel unbounded satisfaction.

"They should be thankful for getting the means of subsistence from us. Now take Uhlmünster, for example. Just answer this question: What would those thousands of men, women, and children do if uncle decided to close his mines and extinguish his furnaces—if he decided to knock down those rows of wretched huts where they live? They would simply starve. And yet not a man of them but is in rebellion; not one of them has a spark of gratitude for the favours conferred on them. Uncle is perhaps the best hated man in Uhlmünster. They have churches, schools, beer-houses, dancing saloons, everything they can possibly want, and still they are not satisfied. What would they do, I ask, if uncle treated them as they treat him?"

This was nectar for the old Prince, and he nodded pleased recognition at his hopeful nephew.

Johanna raised her eyes, but it was only to cast a look of contempt at her voluble cousin. Frank noticed the look and was satisfied. Not so Chlodwig, who was growing flushed and fidgeting in his chair.

"Those people in Uhlmünster," he said, with suppressed anger, "are slaving day and night at labour that would kill you and me in a month. It is their labour which enriches us. If the mines were closed and the furnaces became cold, our wealth would be no longer available. For this lowest of reasons, therefore, if for no higher, they deserve to be considered, to be treated as human beings. They deserve healthy comfortable homes, recreation in abundance, fresh air, good food. They have not these first wants of the natural man."

Chlodwig raised his voice as he continued, and his eyes blazed:

"I say it again, they are compelled to live the lives of beasts, and if they are discontented and disloyal and hate us, it is what we have brought upon ourselves, and what we deserve."

It only required Chlodwig to speak in this strain to kindle his father's anger.

"Again this foolish talk! You forget yourself, boy. You make me look forward to the time when I shall be no more with a dread I cannot express. Let us have no more of this. Let us seek some subject of conversation where these great gulfs of difference do not exist between members of the same family, between father and son. Mr. Cunliffe, you have now had a sample of what I once alluded to. I hope you have heard enough to be able to judge of the preposterous nature of my son's views, and to see that it is your duty to do all in your power to counteract them."

"Perhaps they are also Mr. Cunliffe's views?" said Ernst with an unpleasant sneer.

It was a difficult position for Frank, and his temper was sorely tried, but he made the best of it and tried to speak diplomatically: "I regret, Prince, that there should be these differences, but please be patient. I don't know the circumstances, but I shall take an early opportunity of visiting Uhlmünster. I am a poor man and the son of poor parents, and my sympathies of course are with poor people; but I have heard of many who are rich and noble, who have spent devoted lives and princely fortunes in raising the condition of their less fortunate neighbours, and they have been rewarded by their love and respect. I am sure, sir, that Prince Chlodwig will never do or say anything unworthy his high birth."

"Thank you, sir," said the old Prince, who was hardly satisfied with this somewhat daring

speech, but who thought it better to let the subject drop for the present.

There was a tense silence, and everyone felt relieved when Rudolf appeared at the door and announced that dinner was ready.

Ernst sprang forward after the Prince and Miss Bowles to lead in Johanna to the hall, but not before she had bestowed on Frank another of those lengthened glances which might mean so little or so much.

But Prince Ernst noticed it, and a scowl darkened his features.

He turned hastily round to Frank. A forced smile had succeeded the scowl.



PRINCE ERNST.

"Your sympathies, remember, sir, are with *your own people*."

There was no mistaking the emphasis and the intention.

"Certainly, Prince," he replied, "and I shall continue to hate their oppressors."

CHAPTER VII.—A FISHING EXPEDITION.

WHEN Prince Ernst had been about ten days at the Schloss, everyone, with the exception of his uncle, was relieved to hear him state one morning at breakfast that some friends of his were shortly expected in Berlin from Russia, and that, in fulfilment of an earlier promise, he must be there to receive them. He had just heard that they had already left St. Petersburg, so he would be obliged to tear himself away at once. But the surprise caused by this announcement was increased

when the Prince looked up from some important-looking documents which the post had brought, and stated with much solemnity that he also had been summoned to Berlin to attend the meetings of the Bundesrath, of which he was a member.

"It is evidently something of importance," he added, "or the Chancellor would not send for me so urgently. I'm sorry I shall not be ready in time to accompany you, Ernst, as my preparations must take some time, but I hope in a few days to have the pleasure of paying my respects to your mother in Berlin."

If the truth must be told, the other members of the household, when they heard the news of the Prince's contemplated journey, were as gratified as school children when the teacher proclaims the holidays. Twice a year he went up to the capital, always announcing before his departure that the Chancellor had very important matters to settle. It was one of the proudest moments of his life when he first heard of his appointment as member of the Federal Council of the Empire; and although he was in reality very much in the way of the Chancellor, who neither valued his counsel nor made any pretence of appreciating his extreme views, he imagined that his presence at the Council's deliberations was of an importance second only to that of the Imperial Chancellor himself.

As for Prince Ernst, he had begun to feel that his visit had not been a complete success. He was certain of his uncle's favour, but had very uncomfortable doubts as to the progress he had made in the esteem of his fair cousins. Chlodwig made no pretence of enjoying his society. More than ever he felt irritated at his foppish mannerisms, his evident pursuit of Johanna, and his nauseous flattery of his father. Between Ernst and the tutor the relations were those of armed watchfulness. The sharp insight of the future diplomatist had been quick to discern Frank's growing influence with the younger members of the family, but on altogether insufficient evidence he had come to the conclusion that Johanna's polite indifference to his attentions were in some way connected with the young Scotchman. Frank had been careful to give him no cause of offence. He had avoided all discussion with him; he had even invited him to join him and Chlodwig in their rides together. But he knew or was rapidly acquiring a knowledge of the true character of the man, and the deferential and polite attitude which he had assumed was the acknowledgment of an intervening chasm between him and Ernst which nothing, he felt, could ever effectually bridge over.

Ernst left the Schloss quietly enough, but the Prince's departure was arranged on a ludicrously imposing scale. On his last day at Bostel, huge portmanteaus and bags were piled in the hall painted with a conspicuous "von A.," surmounted by a prince's crown. Were he travelling to Berlin as in the good old days, in his own princely coach, with outriders, he would not have bothered about the "von

A." and the crown, but in a democratic railway train, where perhaps some *parvenu* ironmaster, or manufacturer of chemicals, or even a social democratic member of the Reichstag, might travel in the same carriage, it would be incumbent on him, he felt, to manifest these outward signs of rank, which he had even extended to his dressing case, his travelling rug, and the binding of the book with which he proposed to beguile the tedium of the road.

All the men servants about the Schloss were down at the station bustling around, and the foolish and vain old man was evidently gratified at the obsequiousness of the railway officials, and at the long row of craning necks from the carriage windows as the train drew up, and it was seen that a great potentate was on his travels. His manner of graduating the warmth of his adieux had evidently been matter of previous study. Elsa, who was his favourite daughter, received a kiss on both cheeks, and the warmest of paternal embraces; Johanna had an equally affectionate embrace, but only one cheek was touched. Chlodwig had an embrace which, to the close observer, might have appeared lacking in parental warmth. Over the virgin hand of Miss Bowles the Prince stooped with the grace of a courtier, but the fair Englishwoman was equal to the occasion and raised her hand to his lips. Frank had a shake of the hand, whose heartiness was moderated by the consciousness of the impassable social gulf between his son's tutor and a grand seigneur *en route* to attend the secret councils of a German Kaiser. There was not a man or woman craning from the long row of open carriage windows who did not fully appreciate these nice distinctions, and it gratified their German hearts to witness this display of empty human pride.

Free of his father's too dominating presence, Chlodwig became quite another being. In spite of the habits of years and the feebleness which ill-health had caused, he was eager with innumerable plans for filling not only his own and Frank's, but his sisters' time as well. There were scores of lovely spots in the park and neighbourhood which Frank had not yet seen, and of which even he and his sisters knew little. Frank had told him that the May afternoons would be the best time to fish certain still pools in the lower parts of the river, where they had seen monstrous trout at rest in their serene depths, and both he and his sisters were looking forward to the sport. But the most cherished of Chlodwig's plans, the execution of which lay nearest to his heart, was the visit to Uhlmünster to see his friend Richter in his own home, and to obtain some accurate knowledge of the lives led by those thousands of toiling men, women, and children for whose well-being, in the course of years, he would be responsible.

Those were halcyon days of bliss for Frank Cunliffe, days without care in the constant society of those for whom an ardent affection was rapidly growing up in his heart. Both

Elsa and Johanna were tireless walkers, and as Miss Bowles usually preferred the coolness and ease of a garden chair on the terrace, it often happened that the four young people extended their excursions to remote-lying districts of whose very existence they had been hitherto ignorant. The weather was glorious, the woods were at their best with profusion of wild hyacinths—Elsa's and Johanna's favourite flower—spread under the trees like patches of purple-blue enamel, and the bright sun streaming through the tender foliage.

They took it into their heads one day to follow their beautiful river right into its fastnesses in the hills, to them an undiscovered country. The footpaths among the trees and undergrowth were narrow and ill-defined, so they wandered on in couples, Elsa and Chlodwig, Johanna and Frank. They came on many a cleft and fissure in the rocks through which the river tumbled in rough harmony. The stream had to be crossed at many a spot, and as this could not be accomplished without a bold leap from rock to rock, Chlodwig assisted Elsa, and Frank's sure hand was of constant service to Johanna. The air down in the cool depths of these clefts was damp, and the spray would often sprinkle the face and hair of the girls with its diamond dust. When they emerged into the sunlight Chlodwig, with his handkerchief, dried his sister's face and hair, but when Frank would have done the same service for Johanna, she smiled and blushed, but would only permit him to touch her dress. They rested during the noonday heat under the overhanging bows of the old trees at a spot where the broken path led down to the river, and whence they could see the deer come down to drink.

An event to which those happy young people had been looking forward with great eagerness was the fishing excursion, planned by Frank. A pressing invitation to join their party had been extended to Miss Bowles, but she would not accept it on any terms. She had a friend once who fished, and he had described his methods with a brutal fulness of detail which had wounded her tender heart. She declined to be witness of the sufferings of the poor dear trout, and neither Frank nor Chlodwig took extra pains to assure her that her notions were exaggerated, and that she could accompany them without being necessarily a spectator of the shedding of blood.

It was a lovely afternoon when the four friends made their way to the pools which Frank had previously settled upon as the scene of their operations. Chlodwig had become a fairly expert fisherman, and Elsa elected to take her first lessons at the reaches which he had marked out as his own. In this way it fell to Frank's lot to be Johanna's instructor, and as there was no more "compleat angler" on all Tweedside than Frank Cunliffe, she was certain of skilful advice in her first attempts at casting a line in still waters.

They walked for an hour through the green

meadows skirting strips of copse and spinney until the murmur of the river invaded the quiet of the lovely day. They came to a low bank with scattered clumps of willow and rowan. A glance at the river, and Frank declared it in perfect condition. Over its gravelly bed it swayed and hurried to take up an easier oily movement through the darker pools, then darting out again into the shallows with the full sunlight making quivering diamonds of its broken waters.

Chlodwig and Elsa took the first two pools, while Frank and Johanna followed the path for half a mile farther through tangled broom and a paradise of wildflowers, which basked in the heat and made the air heavy with their fragrance. A spreading oak afforded them shelter from the sun, while Frank got their tackle in order and gave his companion her first lesson on the best methods of fastening flies to a casting line. The deep brown pool they were to fish lay shining below them, and Johanna was all impatience to begin. Frank knew that it would be little short of a miracle if her first wild efforts were rewarded with one solitary bite, and therefore, like the cunning sportsman he was, he set apart this pool for her exclusive use, reserving one still lower down for himself when Johanna had had enough, or when her arm had grown weary.

"Now," he said, "there is no wind, and it is useless beginning until we come to where the water is a little agitated. You must first soak your line and flies, as the gut is very brittle when dry." Frank did not believe in a dry fly.

Johanna was deeply interested in all the river-side lore which her companion knew so well how to impart. It was like a new book, and Frank's manner of explaining its pages, his patience and tender courtesy, and his enthusiastic interest in the subject itself, charmed her more perhaps than she herself realised. And now the most difficult part of the lesson had to be faced. Frank had to stand beside her and explain how she had to take the rod in her right hand and raise it with sufficient force to make the line go to its full length behind, and then, after a slight pause, to give that peculiar circular motion of the wrist and arm urging the rod forward rapidly at first, but gradually lessening its speed until the line meets the water. Before Johanna could acquire the horse-shoe motion which anglers know about, even with the assistance of Frank's guiding hand, her flies had all been cracked off, and every trout of sense and sensibility had been frightened away from that side of the pool. But there had been many a pleasant jest and much merry laughter, and the beautiful girl's blushes and the light in her eyes were sweet for Frank to look upon.

They crossed some stepping-stones to the other side of the pool, and after fresh flies had been fastened to the line, Frank, at Johanna's urgent request, allowed her to whip the stream at her sweet will, and in her own sweet way. The result was the same. Not a single bite rewarded her most valiant efforts, and she finally

yielded up her rod in despair, Frank and she agreeing that not one solitary trout had been left in all the whole length of the pool.

When they reached the second pool Johanna sat down on a silver lichened rock with the scented herbage around her. She leaned her head on her hand and followed with her eyes the graceful certain movements of her companion as he kept on the shallow side of the water and threw his line with unerring precision under the bank at her feet. She was intensely interested to see him sometimes throw the long line so that it alighted an inch or two on the bank and then draw it gently off, letting it fall like a snowflake to float gently down stream a yard or two, and taking care that neither line nor flies made the slightest ripple on the surface. No wonder that trout after trout was captivated, and that the triumphant fisherman at last was able to cross to her side and lay his scaly trophies on the sweet-smelling thyme at her feet. It was a delight to hear her "Well done," to behold her evident interest in his skill, and her pride in the size and beauty of the fish.

"Do your sisters fish?" she asked timidly. He had told her of his home on Tweed side.

"Oh, yes, Princess. They are famous fishermen. I have seen Mary land a six-pound trout."

"I should like to be able to do that. Is it very beautiful on Tweed side?"

Frank would have been no true son of old Scotia if he had not there and then sung the praises of that lovely stream in his most lyric manner.

"It must be lovely," she said when he had finished his recital. "I should like to see it."

Frank did not tell her that the greatest pleasure he could imagine would be to see her on Tweed, but he smiled down into her deep violet eyes, and the look she saw there made her turn her face away and brought a deep flush to her cheeks.

Perhaps Frank might have said that, or something like it, had more time been given him, but at that moment they both noticed that Chlodwig and Elsa were hurrying towards them, and Johanna, springing from her seat, ran swiftly to meet them, and threw her arms round her sister's neck and kissed her.

"Queer," thought Frank. "She only left her an hour ago."

CHAPTER VIII.—PAUL RICHTER'S MISSION FIELD.

IN one of the outskirts of Uhlmünster, near the railway station, Paul Richter had his home. Viewed from the street, it was a cottage like fifty others in the same row, the only difference being that the windows were cleaner, and that two brightly painted green boxes, filled with scarlet geraniums, were fastened to the window sills. But looked at from the back there was a difference. While the yards of the other cottages were a filthy waste of disorderly clothes-lines, flapping rags, black bits of useless timber, broken pots and loose ends of wire, Richter's house had joined

on to it a neatly built two-storeyed addition of wood, which nearly filled the yard. The windows of these back premises looked out on the soiled fields, and were filled with gay flowering plants. In the front part of the house Richter and his mother lived; in the back rooms there were seven sick children.

Paul Richter had arrived in Uhlmünster five years ago to take the charge of the new Redeemer Church, a crude bare building of flaunting brick in the centre of the town which the Prince of Rothenbostel had built for the miners and iron-smelters. The Prince knew that in mediæval days the great barons of the Empire sometimes bestowed a chapel on their people, or endowed a monastery or almshouse out of their wealth. That was a perfectly proper thing to do, for if the lower orders had not had this provision made for them, they would have grown altogether out of touch with the Church, and the Church had always been a useful, if at times troublesome, ally of the nobles. For a long time the Prince was undecided as to whether the church he intended building should be bestowed on the Lutheran or on the Roman Catholic portion of the community, but when he mentioned the matter once in Berlin he was told that the Chancellor would be mortally offended if he, the representative of a great house which had been Lutheran since the Reformation, were to bestow a place of worship on the Jesuits. This was sufficient to bring about a decision in favour of the Lutherans, and accordingly the Redeemer Church was built and consecrated to the service of God as Lutherans understand such service. Consistorial councillors and general superintendents came from all parts of Westphalia to be present at the dedicatory service, and the Prince gave a costly dinner at the Schloss in honour of the occasion, and received the incense of their homage and flattery. The young pastor was among the crowd of guests, but the Prince took no notice of him. He sat at the lower end of the table and listened to the empty boastful talk, to the fulsome compliments, and returned to his parsonage, remembering only that a dark-eyed beautiful girl and a delicate-looking boy had shaken hands with him when he was leaving the Schloss, and had expressed a hope to see him again.

He began work in the stony ground of his field, meeting the brutalised men and unsexed women around him as a friend and neighbour, who had heartfelt sympathies with their hard lot, and eager hopes that that lot in time would be ameliorated.

"What would Jesus do in my place?" was the question he asked himself, for his conduct in his holy office was sternly regulated with the object of following in the course which he believed his Divine Master would have pursued. He had no sympathy with that one-sided view of a minister's duties which demanded that his whole time should be devoted to the care of souls. He would not be more spiritual than Jesus was.

Shortly after his induction he preached a

sermon which made him the best known and most popular man in Uhlmünster. His text he took from that wonderful address in St. Matthew, where the Lord describes the coming of the Son of Man in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him.

"The world," he declared, "will not be judged according to the confession it professes, or the dogmas it holds, but by the position it has taken up with regard to the poor and humble. The hungry, thirsty, homeless, naked, sick, and imprisoned are those who will influence the great judgment. An age which does not give these food or drink, does not lodge, clothe, care for, and visit these the least of Christ's people, will be condemned to the eternal fire. This is the true measure and test of the age. Oh, brethren," he concluded, "if you only knew how Jesus was on your side! 'What ye have done to these the least of My brethren ye have done unto Me.' He who despises the poor despises Jesus, be he monk or merchant, prince or preacher. Christianity is help for the poor."

It never occurred to him, in the intensity of his feeling, that others might distort his words.

Among some hundreds of women and children there were perhaps a score of men in the church listening to these words. When the service was over they gathered around the vestry door and cheered Richter as he walked across the street to his parsonage.

On the Sunday following, on entering the church, he was confronted with serried rows of grimy half-washed men stretching from wall to wall. They filled the aisles, they sat on the pulpit stairs, they stood outside at the open windows, and thronged at the open doors. Richter had heard of the sensation his sermon had created, and was prepared for a vast congregation.

He ascended the pulpit stairs amidst a breathless silence, and he preached the pure simple Gospel to the submerged hundreds before him. His discourse was full of passion and full of love; never had such words been heard in Uhlmünster. But he knew that this great throng of men had also come to hear a repetition of the words which he had uttered a week before, and he would not disappoint them.

"This Jesus whom I preach unto you," he concluded, "is not only the Son of God, the future Judge of the world, the great Sacrifice for the sins of the world, but He was also the greatest of the men of the people. Let us try to forget that between Him and us the rubbish of eighteen centuries has been accumulating. Let us get nearer to Him. What if we are called mystics and fools? He who bears golden wine can bear the mockery of the water-carriers. This Jesus is the friend and brother especially of the poor. What did He say to the rich?"

"If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

"A rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Sell that ye have and give alms."

"Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

"This Jesus was no political economist; He knew nothing of statistics; He did not talk politics; but he had for that which was morally unbearable the most open of eyes. It was to Him unbearable the juxtaposition of superfluity and want—wanton waste and raw hunger in the same street. This disquieted His soul within Him. If it were not so, He would not have so repeatedly returned to this subject. He would not have left us that immortal picture painted in lightning flashes which the world can never forget—the picture of the proud rich man in purple, and of the poor man who lay at his gate, with the dogs licking his sores."

There was a shuffling of feet at this, and the men looked at one another. Richter's magnificent voice was raised to its full pitch. His hearers were visibly moved.

"Yes, brethren," he continued, "Jesus was one of your own class, a man of the people. But don't cherish attenuated notions of Him. Don't think of Him as the good soft-hearted painters portray Him on our window there."

Richter stretched an arm to the illuminated window for which the Prince himself had suggested the design.

"There you see Him soft, gentle, tender, smiling, the friend of the children, the Lamb of God. This idea of Him is not false, but it is insufficient, inadequate. Jesus is soft and tender, He can be sweet as a child, but the same Jesus did not hesitate, scourge in hand, to raise a storm which swept the money-changers from the Temple. He knew how to bless tenderly, but He was a man of the people. He knew where the abuses were, and did not hesitate to castigate. What would our flaccid times say to the social reformer of to-day who, when asked for his authority, would reply, 'A wicked and adulterous generation ask for a sign'? Or, where is the man bold enough to denounce our great men of to-day as serpents, hypocrites, fools, and blind? The twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew dare not now be applied to the great personages of our day. He who applied it would be stigmatised as a socialist agitator of a dangerous type, and would probably end his days in gaol."

"O Lord Jesus, if Thou couldst only come and revise what we now call Christianity! It seems sometimes as though we had forgotten Thee. No, Thou art not forgotten. There are still among us those who love Thee as Thou art, as Thine Evangel pictures Thee. O Jesus, open Thou our eyes that we may see Thee, and our hearts that we may receive Thee!"

As he left the church that day Richter was the subject of a stirring demonstration. The men pressed round him bareheaded to shake his hand. They cried "Bravo!" with all their might, and when he was safe in his parsonage they filed past the house singing the German equivalent for "He's a jolly good fellow," until the police came and scattered them to their

homes. But Richter's fame spread at once beyond the boundaries of Uhlmünster. The Prince of Rothenbostel was one of the first to hear that a firebrand in the guise of a pastor occupied the pulpit of his new Redeemer Church; that an unruly socialist demagogue was stirring up the dangerous elements among the workmen, and inculcating views which were opposed to every right principle of religion.

The Prince had heard sufficient. This was treachery where he had least expected it. He gave Richter no chance of explaining; he did not attend any service at the Redeemer Church to hear for himself whether the charges against the pastor were just or not; but he put the machinery of the consistorial councillors and general superintendents in motion, and before many weeks were over Richter was summoned before the provincial Synod on a matter of discipline. He did not defend himself, and practically admitted the truth of the complaints made against him. He could do no other, he said. The councillors and superintendents deliberated with a letter from the Prince before them, in which the heretical pastor's dismissal was demanded, and plain threats used that if his wishes were not acceded to, his substantial annual largess would be in future transferred to the Catholics. Nothing could save Richter; he was dismissed from his living, and given the chance of amendment and repentance by the offer of an insignificant charge in a remote agricultural village among the hills. But he refused this offer, doffed his black coat and his white tie for ever, and with an aching heart made way for a blamelessly orthodox young man, one of the Prince's nominees, who emptied the church within a month.

But he had made up his mind not to be driven from Uhlmünster. He had hundreds of friends there, and his was not a nature which could be easily subdued by persecution. He was, not altogether without private means, so he purchased the little house we know about near the railway station, and wrote to his mother begging her to come to Uhlmünster as his housekeeper. He had decided on the line of action he should pursue. In addition to his theological attainments he had taken out a medical degree, and he resolved to begin practice as a physician. Still, it was with a heavy heart that he packed up his books and belongings and left his beautiful little parsonage. He felt that he was intended for a preacher of the Gospel, for a minister to wounded souls, rather than a healer of broken bodies. But he remembered his Master's example, and was still.

It was on one of his long walks in the neighbourhood that he first met Prince Chlodwig and Elsa. They recognised his striking figure and remembered his visit to the Schloss. Garbled accounts of the proceedings of the consistorial councillors and general superintendents had also

reached their ears, but they were ignorant of the true bearings of the miserable story. They heard it now in all its petty details from Richter's lips, and their indignation was expressed by Chlodwig in burning bitter words. This was the first of many similar meetings. The chivalrous and high-minded young Arnsberg recognised in his grave and refined friend a gentleman of the purest nature, with ideas and aims the enunciation of which opened up whole vistas of possibility for his ardent and docile spirit; and Elsa's girlish and romantic heart was soon captivated by the knightly figure, the courteous deference paid to her, and the strength of soul which raised him so high above all the men with whom she had hitherto come in contact.

It was in fulfilment of an idea of hers that he raised that small hospital for sick children; and it was one of the happiest days in his life when she and Chlodwig came over to Uhlmünster and sat with his revered mother in the little parlour while they talked over the details of the home which was then in course of erection. It was also Elsa's idea that a day school should be opened for the children of Richter's friends among the miners, and it was her money and Chlodwig's which paid for the hire of the building in which the children met, and the salary of the young lady from Berlin whom Frau Richter had asked to manage it.

In his work in the dirty labyrinth of lanes and recesses which was called Uhlmünster, Richter had the support of several staunch friends among the workmen themselves, and it was a pleasant reflection in which he sometimes indulged that his work was not all in vain. The gallows-looking figures, the men with fierce countenances set off with the crimson of alcohol, who lived in his vicinity, and who used to scowl at him as he passed, now slunk away in shame at his approach. They had been brought to that initial stage in the upward path when the evildoer is ashamed to meet the light in a good man's eyes. But it was among his children that he had his chiefest pleasure, for he remembered them faded, half-naked, and dirty, with savage and brow-beaten expressions, and he saw them now rosy, clean, and well-clad, far on the road to become good citizens and useful members of society. It was a limited work; it was not the ambitious work on large lines which in former days he had marked out for himself, but it was that which his hand had found to do, and he was doing it with all his might.

Besides, Elsa had inspired much of it, and the knowledge that he and his work were often in the thoughts of one whom he had begun to regard as some humble knight in chivalry regards the lady for whom he would do strenuous battle, and for whose sake no foe was too terrible, had become the one joy and solace of his life of disappointment and sorrow.

POETS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

IT would be interesting to know, if, indeed, it were possible to gain such knowledge, how far the poet's art is affected by the opportunities afforded to him as a traveller. His vision being more piercing than other men, he will see more than they; but it does not follow that the sight is serviceable to him in his art. The home-keeping poet may, in some cases, have a nobler inspiration than if he had gone abroad in search of it. Much, of course, depends on the individual. It is sometimes the misfortune of an artist to have too large a canvas, and the poet may feel, as Wordsworth felt, the weight of too much liberty. He may be often conscious that a slight circumstance or a homely scene has quickened his imagination more powerfully than the site renowned in story, or the beauty which leaves his sympathies untouched.

There is a mystery in the poet's art which no theory can explain. He cannot sit down doggedly to his task, resolved to write a fixed number of lines daily. The verseman may "rhyme and rattle" at all times with a pleasant facility; but the poet, as he well knows, is not always his own master. Why did Milton's "vein never flow happily" but from the vernal to the autumnal equinox? How was it that Coleridge's life as a poet was comprised within five years? Why was so true a poet as Gray able to achieve so little? "If I do not write much," he said, "it is because I cannot." Why did Keats come to a maturity in youth, which longer years could not have ripened, while the best work of Dryden was accomplished in old age? And how does it happen that more than one great poet—Wordsworth being prominently of the number—imagines that he is winged with inspiration while floundering in the mud? Truly, as Tennyson says, we cannot "fathom a poet's mind," any more, it may be added, than he can comprehend it himself, or than we can fathom our own.

A less arduous task is before me, and one which, if it were possible to treat it adequately, might prove of general interest. Let us, then, follow a few of our poets on their travels, and, whether our conjectures about them be right or wrong, the writer and the reader will at least be able to spend a leisure half-hour in very good company.

Travelling in the olden days demanded, it is almost needless to say, many qualities which the modern tourist is rarely called upon to exercise. Courage was needed, for the traveller was often exposed to danger; and patience was needed, and physical strength and disregard of comfort. Even in the last century, at home and

abroad, on sea and land, much inconvenience and even misery had to be endured. The novelist Fielding, who was sent to the south for his health, describes very vividly the sufferings endured on a voyage to Lisbon, where, by the way, Doddridge, sent on the same errand, had died three years before. The brutal crew, the protracted voyage—it was nearly three weeks before the ship left the Isle of Wight—and the terrible privations endured, would have taxed the patience of a man in health, and Fielding was dying. Take another illustration of eighteenth-century travel. Miss Holroyd, the daughter of Lord Sheffield, travelling with her parents in 1791 from Strasburg to Calais, writes how, on arriving at Coblenz, the family could obtain no accommodation beyond "one miserable room without a bit of furniture and only one bed." The next day three garrets were obtained, "literally without a table or chair." It must be added, however, that there were a number of soldiers in the town, which lessened the accommodation. In the same year a friend of Miss Holroyd's, writing to her from Nice, complains that the journey had been dangerous—the mountains being infested by robbers "who commit depredations upon unwary travellers."

In England, too, where the roads were unsafe, and the inns so homely that the traveller did not deem it an uncommon hardship to put up with half a bed, a journey for the mere pleasure of the jaunt was not often attempted. At the same time, the difficulties and the lengthiness of travel added to its interest, and a knowledge of country life and manners was gained unknown to the hasty tourist of our day.

One would like to know how Shakespeare took his first journey to London, and what adventures he met with. He, of all men, it might be thought, would gain the most by travel, would "satisfy his eyes" most fully, and carry the lightest of hearts with him on the road. Unfortunately, our knowledge of Shakespeare as a traveller is a blank. He carries his readers to many a fair scene abroad, but there is no record that he ever saw one of them, save with the mind's eye. It has been thought that he must have visited Italy, but there is no record of such a journey; that he did visit Scotland in 1601, and, as one of the "king's servants," acted in Aberdeen, seems highly probable, but it is only a probability.

Most notable of poetic travellers was Shakespeare's contemporary Drayton. He covered, as Charles Lamb says, the length and breadth of England, "with the fidelity of a herald and the painful love of a son who has not left a rivulet so narrow that it may be stepped over

without honourable mention, and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology." Drayton, a true poet, and the author of the loveliest of love sonnets, is the most trustworthy of topographers; but, alas! who, in these degenerate days, can follow a traveller's footsteps who wanders at his wayward will through more than 30,000 lines of Alexandrine verse?

His friend Ben Jonson's experiences as a traveller had not, so far as I know, much direct influence on his poetry; but there are some incidents recorded in his biography that have the literary interest of which we are now in quest. In 1613, Ben Jonson went with Sir Walter Raleigh's son to France, in the capacity of travelling tutor. Raleigh might have chosen a better companion for the young man, who was wicked enough to make the poet dead drunk in the streets of Paris, and then to hold him up to ridicule. At a later period we read of Jonson's visit, with Drayton as his companion, to Shakespeare at Stratford; and how he made a journey on foot to Scotland, where he spent six months, in the course of which he visited Drummond in his lovely retreat at Hawthornden. It was a memorable visit, for Drummond carefully jotted down the poet's literary gossip, which was published about a hundred years later, and contains nearly all that we know about him. The Laureate was left in his old age to want and disease; but, as all the world knows, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. A monument was to have been raised, and it is well, perhaps, that the project failed, for what better monument and epitaph could a poet have than the "O rare Ben Jonson," which a mason cut upon the stone for eighteenpence?

Milton, who "voyaged in strange seas of thought alone," gained not a little that was of inestimable service to him in the days of his blindness from his early travels in Italy. The student of Milton will readily recall a few touches of a traveller's recollections, such as the mention of the "starry Galileo," and of the leaves that "strew the brooks of Vallambrosa"; and many of the marvellous illustrations which seem to fall so readily from the poet's pen were due as much, one must believe, to what Milton had seen with the bodily eye as to the learning which he had at all times at command. All our early poets fed largely, as well they might, upon Italian food, and most of them travelled in the country; but never probably by any poet, not even by Goethe, was the "fair, rare land of Italy" visited with more advantage than by Milton. The finest picture of Athens we possess in a poetical dress is from his pen, but Milton was never in Greece.

When the poet gave his friend Andrew Marvell a letter of introduction to President Bradshaw, he stated, as a recommendation, that he had spent to very good purpose four years abroad in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain; but foreign travel does not seem to have influenced the genius of this eminently English writer.

John Dryden, who was born ten years after Marvell, and became the greatest man of letters of his age—for Milton "dwelt apart"—does not seem to have been a traveller. Though familiar with French literature, there is, I believe, no record that he ever crossed the Channel. London was dear to him as to Dr. Johnson, and at Wills' coffee-house in his own great arm-chair in winter, and in summer on the balcony, he ruled as a monarch to whom all men of letters were ready to do honour.

"*Virgilium tantum vidi*," said Pope in after-years, recalling his visit as a boy to see this "Monarch of Parnassus." Who can say whether the budding poet of twelve, who "lisped in numbers," had not some hope even at that early age of succeeding Dryden on the throne? Pope's feeble body did not suffer him to travel as he would have wished to do, and perhaps the most notable of his achievements was a yearly excursion to Bath. On one occasion he made one of a riding party to that pleasant city, and we are told how his friend Dr. Arbuthnot, who undertook the management of the party, would not allow any of them "so much as a night-gown or slippers for the road."

Addison, Pope's *quondam* friend, whom he afterwards satirised in lines unequalled for virulence and force, spent two years in Italy, and in the volume of his travels displays his classical knowledge. Italy, however, as the land of poetry and romance left no mark upon his verse, save the poetical "Letter to Lord Halifax," which is, perhaps, chiefly remarkable for some lines on the contrast between the loveliness of nature and the degradation of the people that may have suggested a descriptive passage in Goldsmith's "Traveller," where the same theme is far more poetically treated.

Later on in the century, Dr. Johnson, who belongs to the poets, and wrote two noble poems, a fact which readers are liable to forget, had energy enough in his old age to explore the Hebrides, and that visit, thanks to his exertions and to Boswell's, resulted in a delightfully characteristic narrative of home travel.

In Edinburgh the *Ursa Major*, as he was called, became the observed of all observers, and a wag at the Parliament house, after being presented to the great man, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was for the sight of his *bear*. In the course of the journey Johnson wrote, "I had now travelled two hundred miles in Scotland and seen only one tree not younger than myself," a statement no tourist is likely to corroborate in the present day. "An eye accustomed," he says, "to flowery pastures and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by the wide extent of hopeless sterility," but he fortifies his courage by recollecting that although journeys may appear to be useless "which neither impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the understanding," yet that, "as we see more, we become possessed of more certainties, and gain more principles of reasoning." Johnson's disregard of scenery was characteristic of himself and of his century.

He might, he confesses to Mr. Thrale, have felt differently in his youth, but he was now content with knowing "that by scrambling up a rock I shall see only other rocks and a wider circuit of barren desolation." It was during this tour in the Hebrides that Johnson visited Icolmkill, which inspired the memorable passage often quoted, and yet not too familiar to be quoted once more :

"We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans of roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotions would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Of Goldsmith's adventures upon quitting Leyden one winter morning, with but "one clean shirt, and no money in his pocket," we have no certain knowledge. But there is little doubt that George Primrose's story in the "Vicar of Wakefield" relates with more or less precision the personal experience of this most genial and reckless of poets. "I had some knowledge of music," says the Vicar's son, "with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of bare subsistence. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day."

Before landing, a year later, at Dover, with a few pence in his pocket, Goldsmith had visited Holland and Switzerland, France and Italy. All that he endured and enjoyed during that memorable year yielded good fruit eight years later, when "The Traveller" was published. In that fine poem Goldsmith's warm heart speaks as well as his rare taste and genius, and who does not remember the beautiful and pathetic passage in which the poet contrasts his brother's peaceful home with his own want of one?—

"Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies,
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own."

Considering the rough Bohemian life led for so long by Goldsmith, his straits, his homelessness, his want of the education gained from the society of gentlewomen—the refinement and large-hearted sympathy of his verse are a surprise as well as a delight to his readers. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" Dr. Johnson exclaimed, on learning that he had died in debt; but one is prompted to exclaim, upon recalling his strange story, "Was ever poet so loved before?" "The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley," so writes Charles Lamb; but nowadays few lovers of literature and poetry will agree with his judgment. I venture to think that the names of Oliver Goldsmith, of Walter Scott, and of "Elia" himself, are sweeter.

"This man is a poet," was Gray's exclamation on hearing the "Deserted Village" read. He was at Malvern at the time; and this reminds me that few literary men of his age had so great a passion for travel. In early manhood Gray had made the Grand Tour, with Horace Walpole as his companion, and was absent nearly three years; in later life he may be said to have discovered our English lakes, for he was the first traveller—assuredly the first poet, to see them with passionate delight. The influence of travel upon his poetry is in neither instance perceptible. When abroad Gray wrote a philosophic poem in Latin, based upon Locke; when at the lakes and in Scotland, he produced much admirable description for the benefit of his friends, but it was written in prose.

Blake and Cowper, the pioneers with Burns of the mighty change that revolutionised English poetry, were contemporaries. Blake, an artist and a mystic as well as a poet, was an unwearied pedestrian, and his wife Catherine loved well to wander with him. "Together they set forth, together they rested, and dined at some wayside inn, and together they returned under the companionable stars. Forty miles in a day was no rare journey so made, and fifty not unknown." Yet we are told by another of Blake's biographers that "he never took walks for mere walking's sake or for pleasure, and could not sympathise with those who did." He lived among the stars, if ever poet did, and like Wordsworth and Shelley, like Coleridge and Keats, contradicted the absurd statement of Emerson, that "the English Muse loves the farmyard, the lane and the market. She says, with De Stäel: 'I tramp in the mire with wooden shoes whenever they would force me into the clouds.'"

Cowper read little poetry, and, though they had a common friend in Hayley, does not seem to have been acquainted with Blake. Of all our poets he was the least of a traveller. There is no record that he ever crossed the Channel. He knew nothing of Scotland, nothing of the finest scenery in England, and when, in 1792, he visited the poet Hayley at Earham, he confessed that he was daunted by the tremendous height

of the Sussex hills, "in comparison of which," he writes, "all that I had seen elsewhere are dwarfs." The journey from Buckinghamshire to Hayley's place took the poet three days. He was delighted with the scenery, but it gave him no poetical inspiration. "Like the man in the fable," he said, "who could leap well nowhere but at Rhodes, I seem incapable of writing at all except at Weston." Coleridge apparently felt a similar lack of creative faculty when he went to Italy, and it is remarkable that the only fine poem he ever wrote suggested by foreign scenery—"The Hymn before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni"—represents a scene which he only knew by description. Place also seems to have made some difference with Southey. Although his honest faculty of work was exercised as vigorously in Portugal as in England, and "he read enormously and digested much," he confessed that he had written no line of poetry at Cintra.

Wordsworth, who "went over a deal of ground in his time"—De Quincey calculated that by the aid of his legs alone he must have traversed more than 175,000 miles—gained much food for poetry as he went. Wandering was his passion, but he acknowledged that this propensity "was happily counteracted by inability from want of fortune" to fulfil his wishes. Wordsworth, in foreign lands, was, I think, shorn of half his strength. It was among his own lakes and mountains, and amidst the scarcely less loved scenery of Scotland, that he produced his most characteristic verse. Occasionally an English scene inspired him. One of his loveliest poems was written on the banks of the Wye; and what poet has ever presented so vivid and beautiful a picture of London as that given by Wordsworth as he crossed Westminster Bridge on a stage coach, at five o'clock one summer morning?—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

No poet understood better the value of thrift, a virtue as much needed in literature as in common life. A poet, as I have already said, may exhaust his genius by ranging over too wide a surface, and Wordsworth, in order to find all that he needed, had only to cross his cottage door. He felt the presence of the mountains, and they were his inspiration. Probably no great poet ever lived so tranquil a life. The best of outward blessings—for wealth he did

not need—were his in largest possession; he was not troubled with intellectual difficulties; there is no record that he had ever to fight with Apollyon, or was beset with fiends in the valley of the shadow. He was one of the happy souls

"Who all the way
To Heaven have a summer day."

Far different, indeed, was the stormy and tragic career of Byron, whose best verse was called forth by his pilgrimage in classic lands. To almost every notable spot he visited Byron does homage in his song. Lake Leman is for ever associated with the "Prisoner of Chillon," the Alps with "Manfred," Ferrara with the "Lament of Tasso," Florence, Rome, and Venice with many a graceful description that the traveller calls to mind on visiting those cities—with many a picture, too, which, like that of the "Dying Gladiator," is as striking as the art it describes. And is not one of the noblest events of Grecian history recorded in the "Isles of Greece"? I believe that to travel Byron owed everything, or nearly everything, as a poet, the best that he achieved, and possibly the worst. What scope would he have found for his ill-regulated genius had he been shut up in a cottage at Grasmere, or with Mrs. Unwin and her knitting-needles in Olney?

Shelley, an even more erratic poet than Byron, was equally incapable of living and singing in a settled home. His song is that of a visionary who lives in a land of dreams, and seldom walks in the common ways of men. How far his wonderful voice of song is affected by his passion for travel it would be idle to conjecture. Shelley knew as much of Italy as Byron knew, and probably felt as strongly the power of its memorials; but it is not his gift as a poet to bring them vividly before the eye as some later poets have done. Of these, however, nothing must be said here, for the theme would carry me too far, and my space is exhausted. Yet it would have been interesting to point out, however briefly, the poetical associations which link and always have linked Italy and England together. The chain was strong in the sixteenth century, and it is as strong now. Like Chaucer at an earlier period, several of the Elizabethan poets not only sought, as Shakespeare did, for poetical inspiration from Italian story, but wandered to Italy in search of it.

Among these pilgrims were Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Surrey, Sir Philip Sidney, Robert Greene, Dr. Donne, and other poets and poetasters who found for the time a dear mother and a second home in their adopted country. It is needless to say how in our own century, and up to our own day, a similar friendship and inspiration have been gained from Italy, and from her "old poets fostered under friendlier skies." What Robert Browning and his wife did in Italy and for Italy I have not room to tell, but let me advise the reader to turn for one illustration of this union to Lord

Tennyson's gracefully commemorative poem "The Daisy."

Those of us, whose travels, thanks to age, ill-health, or circumstances, must be confined within narrow limits, or taken in an arm-chair, will sympathise with the regret so feelingly expressed by Archbishop Trench in the following lines :

"To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,
To leave so many lands unvisited,
To leave so many worthiest books unread,
Unrealised so many visions bright :—

Oh ! wretched but inevitable spite
Of our brief span, that we must yield our breath,
And wrap us in the unfeeling coil of death,
So much remaining of unproved delight."

The poet, however, does not end with a discordant note, but rests in the "clear vision" which shall one day compensate for "baffled hope and unfulfilled intent." This is a satisfying consolation, but there are others, very inferior indeed, yet not to be despised, that may have a soothing effect on the stay-at-home traveller. If a poet, he may comfort himself in the recollection that some of the most distinguished poets have not wandered far from home ; if a sober man of prose, that the wisest, happiest, and least prejudiced men are not always to be found among those who have travelled farthest.

"Some men improve by travel, others, rather
Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther."

JOHN DENNIS.

A Lapp Prayer.

BY NORA HOPPER, AUTHOR OF "BALLADS IN PROSE" AND "UNDER QUICKEN BOUGHS."

THE day beginning

The holy seven

We give great thanks to the King of Heaven ;
We who are sinned against, we who are sinning ;
We who grow weary in losing and winning
The things of little worth :

We that are strong, we that are very weak
Thy holy places seek,
And lift unto Thy holy hills our earth—
The day beginning
The holy seven.

Lord, who didst light the fixed stars in heaven
And gave the marsh-fire to us for a fear,
And bade the sun be beautiful and dear :
We thank Thee for Thy giving, and the seven
Days for our daily bread ;
We thank Thee for Thy wandering angels here
And Thy fixed stars o'erhead.

We praise Thee for the strait path and the byway,
We praise Thee for the thorns that fend the rose :
We praise Thee for the weeds upon the highway,
And for the lilies in the garden-close :
We praise in our way who would praise in Thy way
If like the stars we did not sing but shine,
Nor in the growing daylight faint and dwine.

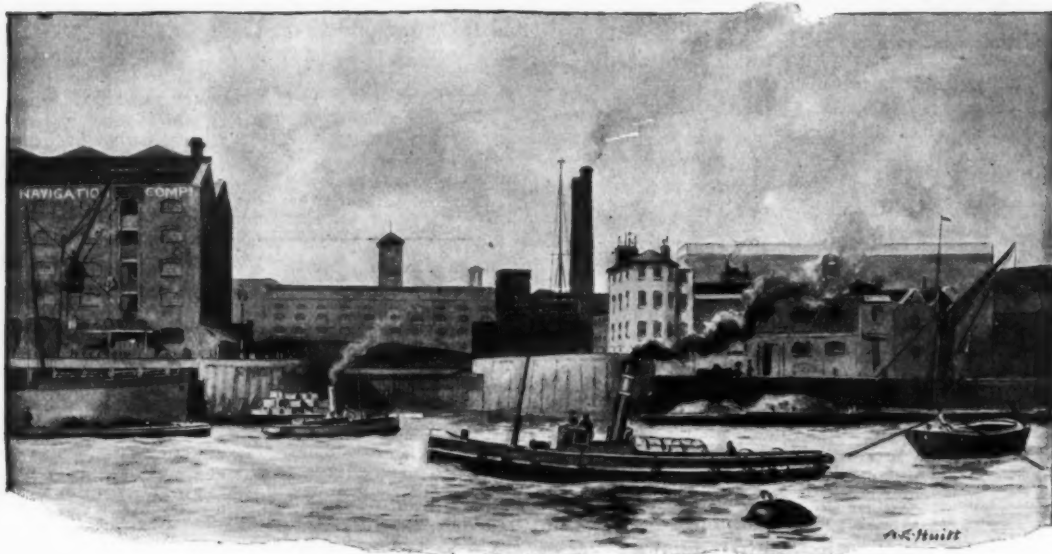
We praise Thee, God, for all strong things that be :
The glorious sea

Filled full of creatures that Thy hand has made
Fulfilled of joy, for no man made afraid.
For oaks that lift their great arms to the sky,
For oaks that fall beneath the axe and die ;
We praise Thee, God, for all weak things that go
Thy loving eyes below :
Coney and mouse and squirrel-folk that flee
When none pursueth : every timid thing
That opes wild eyes or lifts a frightened wing :
We thank Thee for the willow-weed and mallow,
As for the forest tree ;
We praise Thee for the puddle, and the shallow
Brooklet, as for the sea.

Thou giv'st the reindeer moss : and in Thy keeping
Are all the sands and snows :
Thou seest the bird's fall and the gray wolf's leaping :
The wind's way as it goes
Is shaped by Thee : Thy hands the leaves are
heaping
When the Nor'wester blows.
The hunter's shouts : the tears of women's weeping,
Hast Thou not numbered ?
And all the shadowy fears upon us creeping
Thy breath has made !
Even dreams that come to vex the heavy sleeping
Of quick men : and the light sleep of the dead :
For this and these, and all Thy ways and days
We give Thee praise.

THE PORT OF LONDON.

II.



ENTRANCE TO ST. KATHARINE'S DOCKS.

THE relative standing of our principal ports is a subject often discussed by those who do not care to pay three and fourpence for the annual statement compiled at the Statistical Office of the Custom House and issued as a Parliamentary paper. Perhaps, therefore, this diagram of the state of affairs in 1897 may secure a moment's attention. It shows the total tonnage of the vessels that entered and cleared with cargoes and in ballast from abroad during the twelve months, and, in cases where a vessel has come into port more than once during the year, it includes that vessel's repeated voyages.

The dark lines show the entrances—that is, the tonnage inwards; the shaded lines show the clearances—that is, the tonnage outwards. It will be seen that London, with nine millions of entrances and over six millions of clearances, is easily ahead of Liverpool, and that Cardiff, below Liverpool in entrances, is nearly a million ahead of London in clearances, so that the two added together place her ahead of the Lancashire seaport, though still some distance behind the capital. If we came to the values of the merchandise carried by the ships we should get a somewhat different order; but that we will leave for a while, as we want space now for another diagram dealing more directly with the Port of London.

Here is a list of the principal imports, in order of value, showing by the lighter shading of the columns London's proportion of each of them. Take wood, for instance, of all sorts—hewn, sawn, furniture stuff, staves, and joinery—out of the twenty-five millions' worth we imported in 1897, London took six millions' worth; whereas, out of twenty-four millions' worth of wool she took eighteen millions' worth. We have not given the list lower than petroleum, owing to the scale not permitting of smaller amounts being shown with clearness; but in many of the smaller items there is so much interest that we may spend a few minutes over a few of them. We have discussed the spices, for example, at some length; let us deal now with a few typical drugs.

Opium. London takes more than two-thirds of the drugs. Those we import in a year are valued at £1,200,000; of this, opium represents about £4,000 a week, and Peruvian bark another thousand, nearly all of which comes to London; and of the rest of the drugs her share is about £12,000 a week. The amount of opium seems unusually large, but a good deal is manufactured here and exported as tincture, etc. Up to recently our opium used to come chiefly from Turkey, but so many of the opium growers were killed off

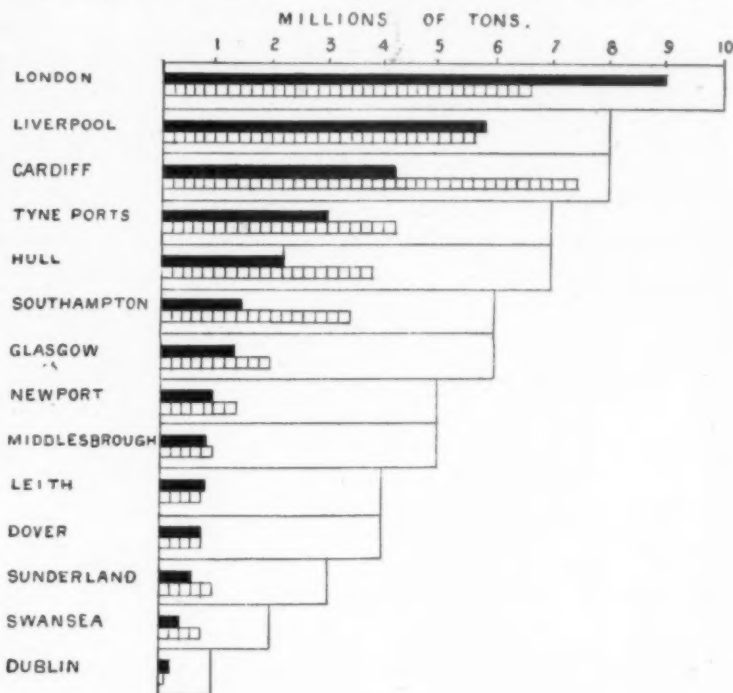
in the Armenian massacres that the fields are lying waste, and, as opium takes two years to grow, we are looking to Persia for our chief supply.

Quinine. Of the Peruvian bark only a fiftieth comes from Peru, our chief source being Madras, Ceylon holding second place; the two together sending us more than all the rest of the world put together. Forty years ago our quinine bark all came from the slopes of the Andes, most of it, as a little does now, packed in hides, carried by hand and on mules and on boats and rafts, for thousands of miles down the Amazon. Known for ages to the natives only in one locality, and so distrusted by them that it was never carried in the wallets of their itinerant doctors—so that it is said with some show of truth that Peru is the only country where Peruvian bark is not used—it first came into notice in 1638, when the Countess Chinchon, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, lay ill at Lima of a tertian fever. The corregidor of Loxa, hearing of her illness, and knowing the reputed virtues of the quina bark, sent her a parcel of one of its varieties, which, administered by her physician, brought about a rapid and complete cure. The variety of bark, however, was one that abounds in cinchonidine, and it was probably this alkaloid, and not quinine, which cured the countess.

Two years afterwards the lady returned to Spain, bringing with her a supply of the precious quina for the use of the sick on her husband's estates, and its reputation gradually spread under the name of Countess's Powder. In 1670 the Jesuits sent some parcels of the powdered bark to Rome to be distributed by Cardinal de Lugo, whence it became known as Cardinal's Powder and Jesuits' Bark, with the ridiculous result that no Protestant would have anything to do with it. One of the oft-quoted absurdities of this early trade was that, to ensure a monopoly—always a monopoly—the Jesuits persuaded the Pope to draw a line across South America beyond which no tree should be recognised as yielding quinine. It might be an unmistakable cinchona all the same, but a cinchona it could not possibly be as it had had the audacity to grow beyond the Pope's line; and anyone who refused to accept the evidence of his senses was promptly treated as a heretic. The Jesuits were jubilant, and sold the bark at high prices in Catholic countries, vaunting it as

an infallible remedy under the name of *Pulvis patrum*.

It was John Talbor, an English apothecary, who broke down the prejudice against it. By the number of cures he effected by its means, without revealing its name, he became prominent enough to be knighted by Charles the Second in 1687; and next year, as physician in ordinary, he cured the king of a tertian fever. Passing over to France the same year, he cured the Dauphin and a few other personages in high places, and sold the secret of its preparation to Louis the Fourteenth for 2,000 louis d'or, a pension and a title. The preparation does not seem to have extended very far; for it was not until 1815 that the bark was



A YEAR'S TONNAGE OF THE VESSELS ENTERING AND CLEARING FROM OUR CHIEF PORTS.
(THE BLACK LINES SHOW THE ENTRANCES, THE SHADED THE CLEARANCES.)

systematically analysed, and after that five years elapsed before the alkaloid quinine was found in it.

Notwithstanding Talbor's success, the doctors fought bitterly over the new drug, those of Paris more truculently than all, the older men refusing to admit that it possessed any good qualities whatever, and one of them going so far as to assert that quinquina, as it had come to be called, was responsible for ninety sudden deaths in Madrid alone. But it made its way all the same, helped along by Sydenham and Morton, though the prejudice against it had not quite died out in the early part of the present century, when in the Walcheren expedition many a poor fellow's life was saved by the timely arrival of a Yankee trader with some chests of bark, after the supply had entirely failed in the camp.

A triumph of acclimatisation. As it came into general use it was exported from Peru in ever-increasing quantities, but little was done to cultivate it. The Jesuits are reported to have made it a religious duty for the bark collectors to plant a quincunx for every tree they felled, but the cascarillero wears his religion lightly when it means more work, and

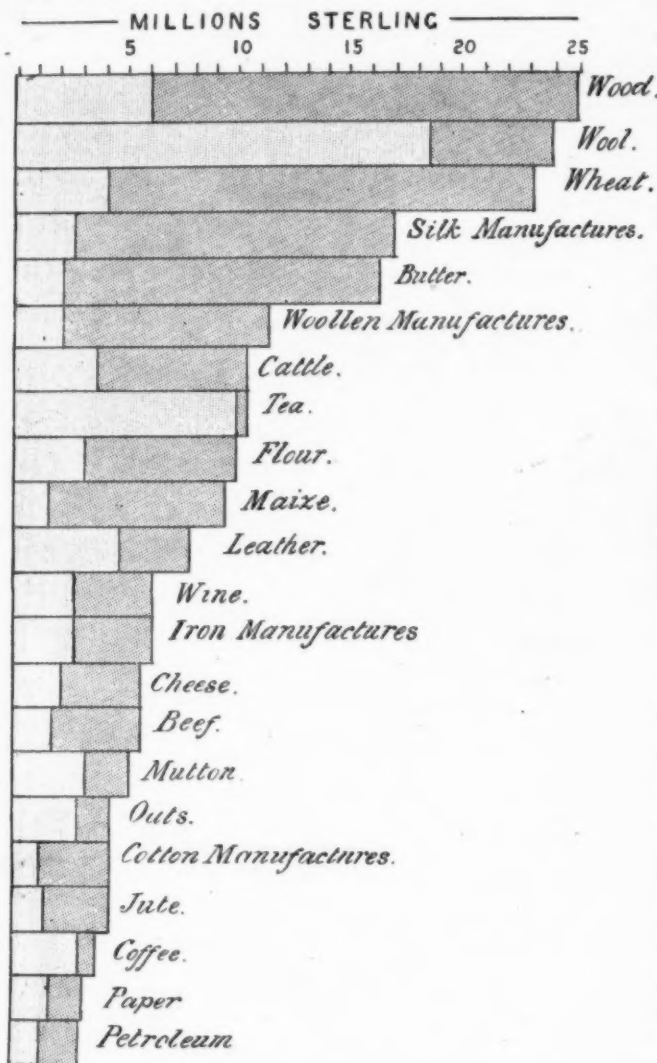
that was required, and every year yielded less as the trees disappeared. The only way to save the situation was for some one to introduce the trees into other countries. The first attempt was made by the Dutch in 1853, when Hasskarl, under an assumed name, visited the cinchona region—cinchona, which ought to be chinchona, from the countess whom Linnaeus thus sought

to honour—and secured a selection of young plants, mostly of the wrong species, with which a not very encouraging start was made in Java. This enterprise, which was persevered in with such good results that Java now grows nearly two-thirds of the world's supply of the bark, seems to have been suggested by the proposal made in March 1852, in the Governor-General's despatch, to introduce cinchona into India, which resulted in a few plants and seeds being sent from Quito to die miserably through gross carelessness on their way to Darjiling.

It was in 1859 that Markham was entrusted by the India Office with the task of acclimatising the quinine tree on Indian soil. The story of his travels, his collectors and their collections, and his getting the plants and seeds of every cinchona species known to commerce over the Andes and down to the coast, is as interesting as a romance.

When Mr. Fortune introduced the Chinese tea plant into India everything went well with him. He carried the plants in Wardian cases, the soil ten inches deep, kept down by cross battens with seeds planted between the rows, which germinated on their way from China, and arrived in the Himalayas in good condition. Out of 250 plants he lost only thirty-five on the journey. In similar fashion Markham stowed the cinchona plants in Wardian cases, with battens between them lengthways and crossways to prevent the soil from shifting, the plants being in rows, and just far enough apart for their foliage not to touch, the cases, which all had to be carried on mule back, being thirty-eight inches long and twenty-two inches wide. The

difficulties were great in the land transit, but they were perhaps greater on the sea, for the British Government had no ship in readiness to take the plants direct across the Pacific, though one was then lying idle at Callao; and the cases had to be taken up to Panama, carried across the isthmus, brought across the Atlantic, nursed at Kew for a while, and then sent out by the Mediterranean and Red Sea; and in this round-about way the most important plant after the tea-plant was introduced into India and Ceylon.



LONDON'S PROPORTION OF PRINCIPAL IMPORTS, SHOWN BY THE LIGHTER SHADING.

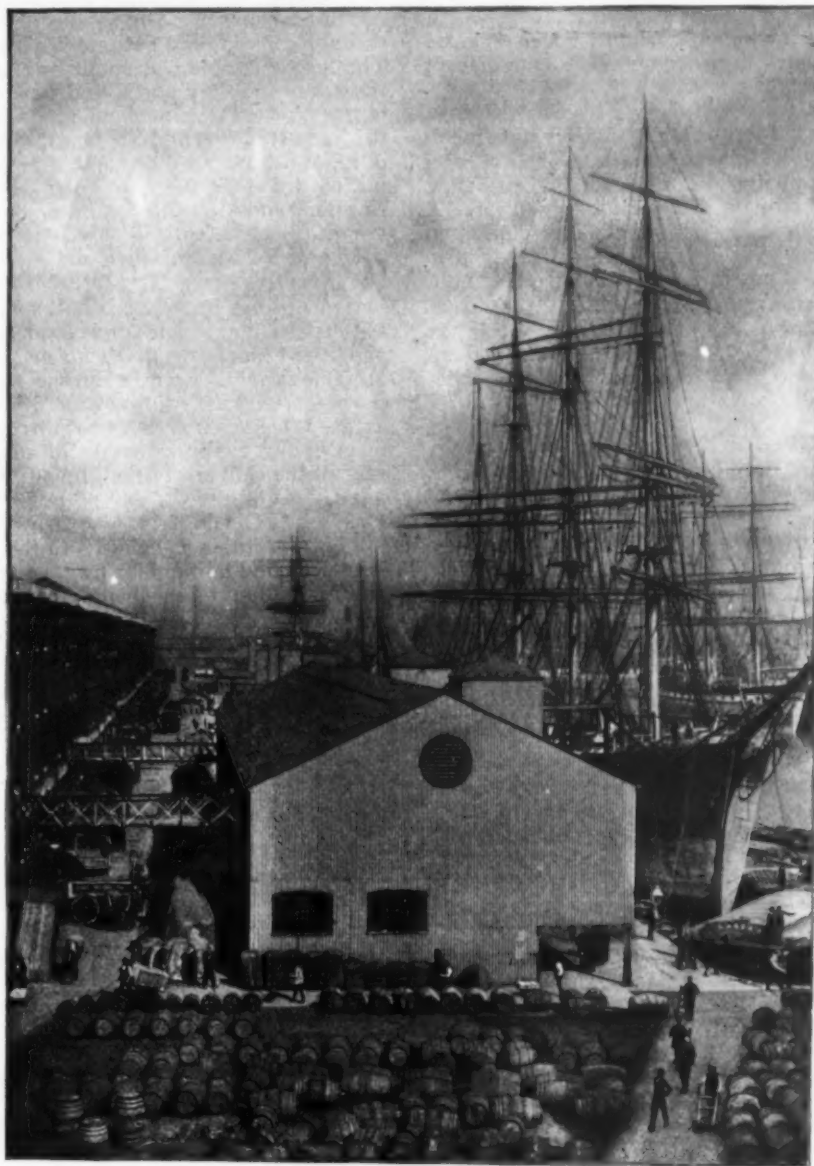
few of these groups of five seem to have come to maturity if they were ever made. The Spaniards, however, when the Pope's line was laughed out of existence, sent botanical expeditions into the forests, with the result that additional species of the bark trees were discovered, and Loxa ceased to be the sole source of supply.

But the bark had come to be considered indispensable, and matters at last reached such a pass that Peru and Bolivia could not yield all

As the bark lies unpacked at the top of the spice warehouse, it looks as though it were intended for a tannery. Like cinnamon, it is in "quills," but the quills, instead of being reed like, are, some of them, three or four inches across, rough and lichened like oak bark, and almost as thick. There is a slight healthy odour

blance to each other, except in the case of a consignment from Ceylon, where a practice has been adopted of scraping off the bark and compressing the scrapings, so as to save space and freight—and make the tree last longer.

Quinine is now manufactured in India, Java, and elsewhere, but mainly in Germany, where



ON THE WHARF UNLOADING.
(From a photograph.)

about, but nothing that would indicate the nature of the bark, and it is only on being given a piece of Calisaya quill to chew that we at once taste the familiar bitter and recognise quinine. The specimens are on so large a scale that there is no difficulty in distinguishing the varieties, though they have a general resem-

for the last few years the factories have combined to keep down the price of the raw material; so that while they have been making large profits, the cultivation has had to be carried on in many instances at a loss. In England it is nearly all made by the Howards, and owing to so much being produced abroad, our imports are

very much on the down grade. Five years ago we took 3,800 tons of it during the year; last year the quantity had sunk to 1,230 tons, out of a world's production of some 6,000 tons. It is significant that in 1860 the value of our imports of bark from Peru and Chile combined exceeded £38,000, whereas in 1897 this amount had dwindled to £4,100, though the bark from Chile fetches the highest price, it being worth over £7 10s. a hundredweight, which is more than three times the price obtained by that from Madras.

Ipecacuanha
and Sarsapa-
rilla.

Ipecacuanha, though not much like cinchona in appearance, is a plant of the same order, its medicinal properties being in the bark of the root. A native of South America, it is never cultivated there, and for its plantations we have to turn to India and Ceylon, where it was introduced not so many years ago. Another drug that in its imported state looks as though it would be more in place in the wood-yard than in the warehouse, is sarsaparilla. A package of sarsaparilla—that is “the little vine bramble”—is a truss of slender stems curiously uniform in size, folded and crushed on each other as if they were faggoted for fire-lighters, some of the bales bound round with twigs, some with galvanised wire, some wrapped in American cloth; in fact, by the way they are packed you can tell where they came from. They are all imported from Central America, Mexico, Honduras, or thereabouts, the stems, and apparently sometimes the roots, being those of several climbers of the genus *Smilax*, and by no means all of the officinal species first associated with Jamaica.

Rhubarb.

As sarsaparilla—which is not in so much request as formerly, except for cooling drinks—has taken us to Crutched Friars, we may as well have rhubarb next. Such an odour of concentrated Gregory's powder as met us when the door was opened, and we found ourselves on the rhubarb floor, we had never imagined to exist. Stretching in front of us was a long vista of nothing but rhubarb: rhubarb on the floor in heaps a foot deep and yards across, as if it were macadam by a roadside, rhubarb in cases, rhubarb being wheeled about in barrows, rhubarb being sorted on benches, all the same yellow and brownish yellow looking stuff in pieces no larger than the palm of your hand, every piece with a hole in it where the string had been put through when it was hung up to dry.

A fine yellowish dust was in the air, which clings to the men's clothes. And here and there greyish moths were taking short flights in the sunshine. A strange life that of this moth. The egg was laid on the living plant in distant Sze-chwan; the caterpillar that came from it bored its way down into the living root, and there turned to a chrysalis; the chrysalis passed unscathed through all the perils of the cutting down of the plant, the cutting up of the root, its drying in the sun or in ovens, its packing, its

voyage, and in due time sprang forth a perfect insect on the rhubarb floor of Crutched Friars, fluttering about in the vain search for a living rhubarb plant to lay eggs on.

Rhubarb has always come from China. It used to be Turkey rhubarb, from its first reaching us through Asiatic Turkey. With the conquest of Siberia, its centre of distribution became Kiachta, whence it was brought overland through Russia, and became Russian rhubarb. The Kiachta trade was spoilt by the opening of the Chinese treaty ports, and now the bulk of it goes to the Pacific, and reaches us by sea through Hankow and Shanghai. That grown in Shan-hsi used to be the best in the market, but of late years this particular sort has deteriorated, and the run nowadays seems to be on “high-dried Shanghai,” which comes from Sze-chwan. Rhubarb is a *rheum*—the name is but a corruption of *rheubarbarum*, the barbarian *rheum*—but there is still some doubt as to the particular species or several species which yield the Chinese drug. Two or three species are extensively grown in Europe for medicinal purposes, and we are growing it ourselves on a scale large enough for rhubarb to appear among our exports, mainly in respect of the root of the rhubarb of the greengrocer.

Ginger.

Ginger is another root in quantities amazing. In the dock warehouse we find its familiar fragments, both dried and scraped, of many shades, from black, which is never black but dirty brown, and white, which is never white unless it is bleached or coated with sulphate of lime. To judge by the bales of it, all of which have to be sorted out, one would hardly suppose that each pound was ever worth a sheep, or even a shilling. We get about 5,000 tons of ginger a year—worth over £170,000—of which only a fifth is grown by foreigners, and more than two-thirds of that by the Japanese. Of the 4,000 tons from British possessions, the chief supply is from India, Sierra Leone coming third, and the West Indies fourth; but West Indian ginger fetches more money than any other, so that as regards value its consignment of 480 tons, which is about half that sent by Sierra Leone, is worth more than that from Bombay, and within £5,000 of the 1,300 tons sent hither by Madras. This is another case of successful acclimatisation, the plant, which is an Asiatic one, having been introduced by Francisco de Mendoza from the East Indies into New Spain, close on three centuries ago.

Wine.

But enough of ginger: let us leave it and this warehouse and cross the Crescent, where the Customs officers are busy with callipers, rod, and rule, gauging the casks of wine that are to be moved into the vaults. And we may as well go into the vaults as other people do—and some do nothing else—though in truth there is less to be seen there than in any other place in the docks. They

consist of gloomy cellars of equable temperature, where there are over twenty-eight miles of gangways among the wine casks, and along these you wander in the silence, lamp in hand, until you have had enough of it. Externally one pipe of port, particularly in the dark, is

unexpected and superfluous, such as the snakes, scorpions, and locusts that arrive as stowaways. Here are pretty nearly all the gums, and all the seeds, and all the nuts, and all the leaves; and among them is a collection of every variety of plaited straw and wood now coming in from



MEASURING THE CASKS.
(From a photograph.)

very much like another, and there is room here for 105,000 of them; but the port trade is not what it was, neither is that in sherry, and so both wines were stored where formerly there was room only for one. Every cask is examined periodically. Some of them are left here apparently forgotten, until the warehouse charges have exceeded any possible price, when many of them end by being cleared out at a rummage sale.

Odds and
Ends.

A rummage sale, as it happens, is being prepared on a small scale in one of the neighbouring gum warehouses. Here is a curious miscellaneous collection indeed. Among the gums is a lot of galbanum, with a faint odour of myrrh, in a mass of dirty tears that will sell for a song, as it has gone out of fashion in medicine, and is no longer used in incense, as it is said to have been by the Israelites in Exodus. Next to it in brown fragments of thin cakes is a quantity of lac dye, now beaten out of the market by aniline. A heap of the fibrous roots of turmeric is alongside another of the soft roots of liquorice, and a quantity of *Cocculus indicus* is supported by a pile of cubebs, and flanked by bags of senna leaves and flat senna pods. Then the line is broken with lumps of wax, and runs on again with tamarinds gone wrong, calumba root, and castor-oil beans.

In a warehouse close by is a museum where samples are kept of most of the drugs and sundries that come to hand, including the

China and Japan. A much larger trade this than would be suspected. Last year we received twelve million pounds weight of such plaited stuff for making hats and bonnets, and China and Japan together accounted for three-quarters of this. It is not all straw, by any means, a large number of our stiff straw hats being made of wooden shavings that were plaited on the other side of the world. If we weigh a hat and measure the length of the plait used, we shall have some idea of how many busy fingers must be employed in producing 5,000 tons or so of this stuff in a year.

Perfumery.

Conspicuous objects about the museum are the bottles of rose oil, curious copper hexagons, the oil in each of which, worth £150, has to be racked and cleared and returned to the bottle again before it is saleable. Then there is sandal-wood oil; and there are other scented oils and perfumes, including, of course, the bottle which once held attar of roses.

To say nothing of perfumed spirits, we import over a million's worth of perfumery or its raw materials in a year. In London most of this goes to Crutched Friars. In a quiet cool office there, an old gentleman will bring you a tin box, that would hold perhaps a pound of tobacco, and out of it he will take a little membranous bag of something that has a horrible smell almost strong enough to shrivel your tonsils; that is musk as it is imported, and the contents of that one box are worth £85.

You are shown aloes in a mixture like glue—there is always something odd about aloes; some of them occasionally turn up, packed in monkey skins—and, as a sticky ointment in a long piece of horn, you make the acquaintance of civet as it arrives from Abyssinia.

Another secretion not of the deer nor the cat, but of the sperm whale, is ambergris, which is so valuable in blending perfumes together and arresting their fugitive tendencies, though it has but little perfume of its own. It may be likened to dirty brown cheese, old, dry, and corky, and it is found almost always on the beach, where it has been thrown by the waves during a storm. Some little time ago a lascar

peculiarly savage and enterprising carnivorous turtle which lives along the coasts of the United States, and is known as the hawksbill. Its peculiarity is that the thirteen plates which form the carapace overlap like the tiles of a roof, instead of being joined so as to form one piece. To get them off you burn the other side of the shell; the plates are about an eighth of an inch thick and about a foot or more long by six inches broad, and in boiling water you can put them into any shape you please, and they will retain that shape when cold. Many attempts have been made to imitate them, but none have as yet stood the test of being brought alongside the genuine article. At present nearly all our



THE SHELL SALE ROOM.
(From a photograph.)

found such a lump by the seashore, and he sold it for £3 to an English sailor. The sailor sent it home to his brother, who was a druggist, and who took it to Crutched Friars to ask what he should do with it. He was advised to leave it, and have it put into the periodical sales; but as no one ever bought such a lump at once, to have it cut up into pieces weighing about a pound, or a pound and a quarter, each. Being a wise man, he did as he was advised, and that piece of ambergris cut up into pieces realised £1,050.

Shells. Another import of value in this warehouse is tortoiseshell. This is worth about eighty shillings a pound, but as it is very light you get more than you expect for your money. Tortoiseshell is the carapace not of a meek and mild tortoise, but of that

good tortoiseshell is bought for Paris, where it is more fashionable than here.

The same warehouse is the headquarters of the shell trade, and a strange sight is its shell floor when laid out for a sale. Seeing the shells in the rough, few would imagine how different they look when cleaned and polished. Pearl shells by the bushel, black and white; earshells of all the colours of the rainbow; Singapore snail like limestone fossils as they come, and like a dream in pearl when on the mantelpiece; top shells; harp shells; shells of all sorts, bivalve and univalve. We take over a half million's worth of them in a year, most of them from Queensland and the Straits Settlements; and such a harvest of the beach one would never have supposed to be possible.

W. J. GORDON.

THE LIFE OF A FAMOUS JOURNALIST.

DURING many years of this interesting century Mr. Henry Reeve occupied a prominent position in London society as a politician and man of letters. He knew almost everyone of note in France as well as in England, and with many of the most illustrious men of the age he was on terms of intimacy.

The biography of such a man should be at once entertaining and instructive, and this Professor Laughton has made it,¹ although the non-political reader may perhaps think that too much space has been devoted to affairs of State. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Reeve saw, if I may appropriate Wordsworth's line, "the very pulse of the machine," and the record of what he saw and heard through a most eventful period supplies, at first hand, information that is invaluable to the student. But Mr. Reeve, apart from the rôle he played in the world of politics, was a man blessed with a variety of gifts, and if he owed much of his success in life to his literary accomplishments, he owed more to a character upon which friends could lean and in which statesmen could confide.

An influential and masterly journalist like Henry Reeve, a journalist who, while in close correspondence with statesmen, could speak with freedom and authority, is a product of the nineteenth century. At an earlier period of our history he could not have existed, and, as we know from recent revelations, he would find it difficult, if not impossible, to occupy such a position in Germany now. In England under Queen Anne and the Georges journalists were seldom able to write independently, and there was no political organ that had an extensive influence. A vehement and unscrupulous invective secretly printed and published anonymously, as Swift knew how to write it, might exercise a most potent influence; and articles written in the interest of the Government, when a man like Defoe was unscrupulous enough to write them, were of service to the party in power; but for the most part in the eighteenth century the political writer was a literary hack, willing to do dirty work for the pittance that supported him in his garret. Even in the latter years of the century the debates in Parliament were not allowed to be printed, and it was only by a variety of artifices, a little exact knowledge due to a good memory, and a good deal of imagination, that Johnson managed to produce what he called "The Senate of Lilliput." In 1771 six printers were summoned to the bar of the House for publishing debates; one of them,

who refused to appear, was arrested, and this led to a collision between the House and the London magistrates. The Lord Mayor sent the Commons' messenger to prison for an unlawful arrest, and was himself sent to the Tower by the House. It was the last effort made by Parliament to resist public opinion in this direction, and from this period the Press began the new life which has made it an irresistible force in the country. The "Morning Chronicle" had appeared in 1769; the "Morning Post" was started in 1772; the "Herald" in 1780; and the "Times" in 1785; and at the beginning of the present century the publication of the "Edinburgh Review" in 1802, and of its rival, the "Quarterly Review," in 1809, exercised an influence on the politics and literature of the country unknown to the journalism of an earlier period. To these Reviews the first men of the time contributed, and have contributed ever since, and though neither periodical occupies as high a position as it did forty years ago when there were fewer rivals in the field, "The Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" still hold a unique place in journalism, since they allow of more elaborate essays than the monthly magazines can publish.

This backward glance at the position of the Press is not irrelevant, because, as I have said, Mr. Reeve from the beginning of his career till its close led the life of a journalist. In this profession almost all the work he did was done anonymously, but, without occupying a conspicuous position in the public eye, the "Times" leader writer and the editor of the "Edinburgh Review" exercised for half a century greater power and responsibility than many a politician whose name was familiar in the country.

Henry Reeve was born at Norwich in 1813, and gained, as was fitting, his boyish education under his mother's eye. The love of foreign travel, manifested through a long life, received a stimulus in early years. At the age of seven his mother took the boy on a visit to friends at Geneva, whom she knew only by correspondence, and he recalled in after-years the wearisomeness of the journey—the forty-eight hours between Calais and Paris, the nine days on the road between Paris and Geneva, the seventy-eight hours between Lyons and the capital on the return journey, and the whole day spent in crossing from Calais to Dover. On returning to England young Reeve went to the Norwich school, and, though a favourite of the master, was not happy. He took no part in the games, disliked the drudgery, and cared nothing for the rewards. At the age of fourteen, when he had nearly reached the top of the school, he was

¹ "Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B. D.C.L." By John Knox Laughton, M.A. (Longmans.)

placed with a private tutor, and read a good deal of Greek and Latin. He had now, he writes, an insatiable appetite for books. Mrs. Reeve, whose maiden name was Taylor, had been brought up among the Unitarians, but Henry "conceived at this age a decided preference for the services of the Church of England," and thought the services in the "Octagon Chapel," which his mother attended, cold and wanting in fervour. In boyhood and early manhood there seems to have been ever the desire to think and act conscientiously, and at twenty-four, after much success and enjoyment, he wrote: "I strive daily to temper my long overflow of happiness by the thought of death and changes for the worse, by sympathy with the sufferings of those about me, and by the contemplation of those immortal sufferings which saved the world."

At sixteen Reeve went with his mother for the second time to Geneva to continue his education. There he attended lectures, spent much time on the water and also in society. There were walking tours and pleasant excursions in the summer, and in the winter the student attended a course of lectures on Constitutional Law. On returning to London Reeve entered at the Middle Temple, and made the acquaintance of Carlyle, Thackeray, Grote, and other notable men. In his nineteenth year he was once more on the Continent, and at Paris was introduced to Mendelssohn, to Victor Hugo—with whom he was disappointed—and to Mr. Villiers—the future Lord Clarendon—with whom he was destined to be closely associated in after-years. The cholera broke out, and he escaped to Switzerland and Venice, in the company of a Polish friend, Krasinski. In the biography, Professor Laughton, who keeps modestly in the background, tells the story as much as possible by the help of Reeve's Diary. Here is an extract about Venice:

"We had the grand apartment at the Leone Bianco on the Grand Canal till the ex-Empress Maria Louisa turned us out of it; Sir Walter Scott was also in the hotel. I saw him at the Academia. My dog Trevor jumped into his gondola, which amused him, but he was paralysed and a mere wreck."

It is interesting to note that during this tour Henry Reeve wrote at least every week to his mother in letters of three closely written quarto pages. The journey was far from fruitless, and at Munich, where he attended Schelling's lectures, and translated Mackeldey's "Roman Law," he also wrote "a great article," his first attempt, which he sent to the "Quarterly Review." It was against the Reform Bill, and was not published, but "Lockhart," he writes, "approved it, and old John Murray called on me at Hampstead in consequence." There his mother had pitched her tent, and thither he returned in 1833 with a youthful prejudice against Germany, as the land which "has in it the least noble and generous feeling," and whose people "are the most uninteresting nation in the world." Yet

he could write at the same time upon leaving Munich, "It has cost me much to quit a place where all from the King to my washerwoman have striven which shall oblige and befriend me most."

And now for a year or two Reeve lived with his mother at Hampstead, writing for the Reviews, and making occasional flittings, which enlarged his wide circle of acquaintances. At Liverpool he was introduced to Roscoe the historian, and to Mrs. Hemans; at Cambridge he made the acquaintance of Whewell, Tennyson, and Christopher Wordsworth.

Once more he was off to Paris, and this time for the purpose of obtaining an acquaintance with the practical working of French criminal law. Here he gained the acquaintance of Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Balzac, and other famous Frenchmen, and renewed his friendship with Thackeray, "that excellent and facetious being," who in a long talk about French artists complained of the impurity of their ideas, a fault which also taints French fiction, as Mr. Reeve observes in the case of Balzac. He became the warm friend, too, of de Tocqueville, whose famous work on "Democracy in America" he afterwards translated. On returning to England the young man of twenty-two had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Lord Lansdowne, then President of the Council, who frequently invited him to dinner when in London, and afterwards to Bowood. It was through the influence of this nobleman that at the age of twenty-five Reeve obtained the appointment of Clerk of Appeals to Privy Council. Fifteen years later he was appointed Registrar of the Privy Council.

Reeve's intellectual and bodily activity kept equal pace in these youthful days. Now he is in Paris, from which he can never stay long, now in Germany, now in Poland, now studying Bohemian history or visiting Bohemian friends, now writing in French newspapers, now gaining a course of military instruction from a Polish General, and now "laying out the trenches of a long poem about Giordano Bruno." Sir Walter Scott's motto, "Never to be doing nothing," must have been Reeve's also, and yet, like Scott, he sometimes laments his idleness. He never ceased to be a traveller, but his official post of Clerk to the Privy Council, and afterwards, at the age of twenty-seven, the engagement of leader-writer to the "Times," necessarily restricted his freedom. Still there were long vacations, and in one of them Reeve went for the first time to Scotland, and records the following incident in the walk from Loch Katrine to Inversnaid:

"Amongst our party were two couples who soon excited our attention. The women, both handsome, and dressed alike in the Lennox plaid, were mounted on the Highland ponies which are kept to take people over that pass, and each one was attended by her most faithful and attentive squire, holding her bridle over the gullies and burns. They were sisters, we thought. Then we thought they were brides. At last, while we were waiting for the steamer at the foot of the Inversnaid Waterfall on the bank of Loch Lomond, Charles Hamilton made a brilliant guess which explained

the whole; and I then recognised them as the sister-brides, Sir S. Glynne's sisters, who were married the other day at the same hour to W. Gladstone and Lord Lyttelton. A prettier or a happier party never journeyed across the heather. This was not all. Before we could get from the shore to the steamer I descried on board the other pretty bride, Thomasina Hankey, now Mrs. Maxwell. I thought it was a large sum of happiness to have met in one day."

This was written in 1839, and Reeve adds that he never in his life met with anything like the cheapness of the Highlands. Alas! for those good old times. Tourists in Scotland have a very different story to tell nowadays. In the same year a strange incident is related in the writer's journal. Dining at his Club he heard the rumour of a fatal accident to Lord Brougham. He went immediately to Gore House, where Brougham had dined only a few days before.

"I was to have dined there too; they very earnestly pressed me, but I had promised to go to Richmond. They tried hard, too, to get Sir A. Paget; but we both stayed away, and they sat down to dinner, *thirteen*. I can only say that the deaths which have struck me most in my life have always been preceded by a dinner of thirteen in spite of efforts to avoid it. Everybody will bear witness to the genius which is now set and quenched."

The journalist might have reserved his superstition for a more fitting occasion. Lord Brougham, so far from being killed, had himself invented the report, and the writer observes in his next entry that "So bad a joke was never played off on so large a scale before." Reeve publicly expressed his indignation at this evil jest, but he seems, notwithstanding, to have been on good terms with his "quondam foe," from whom, he writes, "I receive a couple of little notes every morning, and we are as affectionate as turtle-doves, or rather as turtle-doves suspecting to see the hawk's beak every moment."

Reeve was now in the full tide of London life, and dinners and breakfasts are duly recorded. Here is a description of a dinner at which Sydney Smith was present:

"We got Sydney on the overpowering topic of Macaulay. Macaulay is laying waste society with his waterspouts of talk; people in his company burst for want of an opportunity of dropping in a word; he confounds soliloquy and colloquy. Nothing could equal my diversion at seeing T. B. M. go to the Council the other day in a fine laced coat, neat green-bodied glass chariot, and a feather in his hat. Sydney S. had said to Lord Melbourne that Macaulay was a book in breeches. Lord M. told the Queen; so whenever she sees her new Secretary at War she goes into fits of laughter. I said that the worst feature in Macaulay's character was his appalling memory; he has a weapon more than anyone else in the world's tournament. 'Aye! indeed,' said S. S.; 'why, he could repeat the whole history of the Virtuous Blue-Coat Boy, in 3 vols. post 8vo., without a slip. He should take two tablespoonfuls of the water of Lethe every morning to correct his retentive powers.'"

Macaulay, whom he frequently met in society, was evidently not a favourite with Reeve. He felt his History weary him by the sustained effort of the style, and was astonished at its inaccuracies. Yet he joined in the round robin begging that he might be buried in the Abbey, as, indeed, he deserved to be, for, whatever his

literary faults may be, no prose writer in our day has written in a nobler spirit of patriotism, or done more to make Englishmen proud of their country.

One day Reeve dined at the Embassy with Guizot, and tells his mother how flattered and pleased he was: "Nobody else has dined there at present, and to be asked in this easy way, without any English people, was really charming." Several years later there is the record of a breakfast at which, as in the former instance, he was the only Englishman:

"Breakfasted at Twickenham with the whole Royal family of France. Queen Amélie, Nemours and wife, Joinville and wife, Montpensier and wife and three infantas, Duchess of Orleans, Comte de Paris. I was the only stranger there, and sat with the Queen."

At the age of twenty-seven, Reeve, who at that period was in friendly or political communication with most of the leaders of public opinion at home and abroad, began his connection with the "Times," which lasted for fifteen years, and increased his income by £1,000 a year. He had married a short time before, but his happiness was of brief continuance, for in the following year his wife died after giving birth to a child. Nine years later he married again, and received the warmest congratulations from his friends. Of domestic details, however, these pages say little. Reeve was in the best sense of the term a man of the world, and it is chiefly in society that we are permitted to see him. How honourable he was, how conscientious, how anxious to say the right word and do the right thing, is evident throughout. His high sense of duty in his vocation of journalist may be seen from the following passage.

Lord Granville, who was then (1852) Foreign Secretary, informed Mr. Reeve that Louis Napoleon was irritated beyond measure by the language of the "Times," and that, however he might deserve his castigation, it would be a serious responsibility to anger him too much.

After vindicating the "Times" from any foolish desire to goad on Louis Napoleon to acts of violence, Reeve adds:

"The responsibility of journalists is in proportion to the liberty they enjoy. No moral obligation can be graver, but their duties are not the same, I think, as those of statesmen. To find out the true state of facts, to repeat them with fidelity, to apply to them strict and fixed principles of justice, humanity and law, to inform as far as possible the very conscience of nations, and to call down the judgment of the world on what is false, or base or tyrannical, appear to me to be the first duties of those who write. Those upon whom the greater part of political action devolves are necessarily governed by other rules."

He thoroughly enjoyed the power he wielded, and observes, with not unnatural complacency, that the circulation of the "Times" had risen greatly during his connection with it. Other contributors might write as well as he did, but no other writer did as much.

"My articles were almost always printed first at the head of the paper. They were the expression of a great system of foreign policy, such as I should have acted upon if I had

been born to the position of a Minister. . . . If they did, as was often the case, express the opinions of Sir R. Peel, or Lord Aberdeen, or Lord Clarendon, it is because I commonly found that I took the same view they had formed on public affairs."

At the age of forty-three Reeve left the "Times" and undertook the editorship of the "Edinburgh Review," which he said was "a sort of peerage as compared with the tumult of the Lower House," and this post he retained till his death. If he understood the duties of a journalist, he knew also what was required of an editor. When Froude published "The Divorce of Catherine of Arragon," Reeve thought it best to tell him that the review of it in the "Edinburgh" would be unfavourable, which the author seemed to regard as a token of personal animosity.

"It is a painful necessity," he wrote; "Froude and his book are too important to be passed over in silence. But the judicial character and consistency, and I may say honour of the 'Review,' absolutely require that the truth should be told about the book. I should consider it a derogation to my duty to the 'Review' if from personal motives or affection I suppressed an adverse criticism of a work which imperatively demands an answer . . . it is impossible to avoid condemning a mistaken book because the author is a personal friend."

The "Review" suffered, he said, when he was too busy to write for it. His not misplaced confidence in his own ability sustained Reeve through life, and must have greatly lessened the difficulty of living.

It was a white day in his life when he was made a member of "The Club," of which he afterwards became the Treasurer. This Club was founded by Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Boswell relates that Reynolds had the merit of being the first proposer of it, to which Johnson acceded, and indeed became the most prominent member. It consisted originally of ten members, who met at the Turk's Head in Gerard Street, Soho, one evening in every week at seven for supper and conversation. Its members were afterwards increased, and the weekly supper exchanged for a fortnightly dinner during the meeting of Parliament. It was then, as it still is, very exclusive, and confined almost wholly to the aristocrats of intellect. Upon Garrick's saying,

"I like it much, I think I shall be of you," Dr. Johnson was much displeased with the actor's conceit. "He'll be of us," said Johnson; "how does he know we will permit him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language." "I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to say," remarked the Bishop of St. Asaph, "that the honour of being elected into the Turk's Head Club is not inferior to that of being the representative of Westminster or Surrey." It was the Bishop's polite way of saying to a member of Parliament that he considered it a higher honour.

Reeve was elected a member of the Club in place of Lord Aberdeen, and was proposed by Lord Stanhope—"the greatest social distinction I ever received" is the entry in his journal. On June 7, 1864, the Club held its centenary dinner, which is duly noticed by the three-year-old member, and on February 11, 1868, there is the following entry: "I was elected to be Treasurer of the Club in place of Sir Edmund Head (deceased). I proposed Lord Cranborne, afterwards Lord Salisbury, at the Club." In 1882 there was a great dinner at the Club to the Duc d'Aumale, and Reeve wrote afterwards to Sir Henry Taylor, telling him what splendours he had missed. The poet replied, "You ask what Dr. Johnson would have said if he had stepped in. As it was his own Club, he would have been gracious; but it was not every dinner that could please him. Do you remember his remark as he went away with Boswell from a dinner at one of the colleges at Oxford? 'This merriment amongst parsons is highly offensive.'"

Reeve's whole career, as related in these volumes, appears to have been as equable as it was successful. So smoothly did the latter half of the journalist's life run, that the biographer has few new incidents of importance to relate. There were no fresh aims to achieve, and beyond the publication of the "Greville Memoirs" in 1874, a book which from its political revelations made an immense sensation at the time, the biographer has little to record outside the routine of an active life spent to the last in harness, and enlivened as in earlier years by abundant correspondence, London dinners, and holiday excursions.

THE DEAD WIFE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

THE fate of Tom Hanrahan and his children was on the mind of every woman in the Glena Valley. Eily was dead six months, and the man went still with his head on his breast and his eyes on the ground. Sorrow and trouble it was to every kind heart to see him and the little children that were able to walk taking the dreary way to Eily's grave of a Sunday. On week-days he worked as hard as his poor health would allow him, and made but little of the boggy land and the exhausted potato-seed. He was always unlucky, was Tom Hanrahan, through no fault of his own at all, poor man!

Six little children Eily had left him with, the eldest but eight, the youngest a wee baby. Little Kitty, the small woman of the house, did her best by the young family; she was Tom Hanrahan's own daughter, a delicate slip of a thing, and unchildish in taking trouble to heart, her own or anyone else's.

Everyone liked poor Tom Hanrahan. It was well known that before he and Eily took each other, he might have married a rich woman over to Carnaduff, but though the matchmakers were ready, Tom Hanrahan would have none of their offices. Eily too was a pretty bit of a thing, and might have done well in marriage. Many a settled man able to give her a jaunting-car and a best parlour might have overlooked the fact that she hadn't a cow or a feather-bed to her fortune. But Eily never gave them the chance. She was hardly out of the convent school when she and Tom Hanrahan fell in love with each other, and God help them, poor foolish things! they married for love, and with little else but love to live upon. It was thirty years since there had been a marriage for love in Glena Valley, and everyone knows that such marriages turn out bad. The substance and the comfort are the things to think of in marriage. What good is love to an empty stomach and a bare back? And it is worse when the children come; for the greatest of love will not put a crust in their mouths nor fire on the cold hearth for them.

That is the wisdom of Glena; but Eily Hanrahan never agreed to it. When she was dying, bless you, she kept stroking her man's hand, and saying that he was the best man ever lived, and that his love had been Heaven to her. Heaven, *inagh!* with the rain dropping through the roof and oozing through the floor, and the meal low in the bag, and the rent-day coming. If the Heaven Eily Hanrahan was going to was no better than the one she was leaving, God help us all, say I.

Tom Hanrahan, despite the unluckiness of everything, had been an easy, soft, smiling

man while Eily lived. But from the day she left him he carried a pinched look, as if he had been turned out shivering from a warm fire into the cold; and if his strength before was hardly equal to the stony and boggy land, he didn't seem now half the man he had been for that unending struggle.

The neighbours, be sure, were very good. The poor are the best friends of the poor; and Kitty could never have filled the little hungry mouths only for the bit of griddle cake, or the few potatoes, or the sup of milk for the baby that one or another was always bringing. Tom Hanrahan knew nothing of these gifts. It would have gone hard with him to feel that he was taking from them that had little enough for themselves. So 'twas a secret between Kitty and the neighbours; and indeed, poor man, it was easy to deceive him. Be sure nobody grudged the bit they could spare to the motherless children, but many indeed wished it had been a thousand times more.

Tom Hanrahan drudged along, happy enough in his melancholy fashion, or at least happy by comparison with what was to follow. It was glorious young spring weather, and the handful of field flowers on Eily's grave were dancing in the south wind, when one day a number of neighbouring women, a "deputation" they called themselves, waited on Tom Hanrahan.

He was just going home rather dispiritedly to Kitty. He had pulled up a root of his potatoes, and though potatoes were well forward, and that was a kindly year, you could see nothing worse. They were no bigger than marbles, and had spots of purple and green in them like a bruise a month old.

He was carrying a few of them in his hand to show to Kitty. He had learned to turn for consolation to Eily's daughter now Eily was gone; and to see the child listening to him and comforting and coaxing him out of himself, you'd say the mother's heart had gone into her.

But half-way across the lawn he saw the crowd of women with their Sunday cloaks on, and their stiff white caps, crowding into his little cabin, and for some reason he couldn't tell his heart sank.

When he came in with that feeling of wonder and dismay, he forgot clean what he carried in his hand; but Mary Casey, a managing woman and the leader of the "deputation," was not without seeing.

"God save all here!" said Tom, assuming an air of ease he was far from feeling.

"God save you, honest man!" said the women who sat round like so many white-headed crows.

Little Kitty had set them all the stools the

cabin contained, and a couple of them leant up against the meal chest, and one was by the dresser. As Tom entered, Kitty came out of the corner into which she had crept over to his side. Tom was conscious of a strange inhospitable longing that the good neighbours were gone, and that he and his little girl had the cabin to themselves once more. To themselves, for the baby didn't count, lying on his back in the potato-basket that did for a cradle, and laughing up at the bit of blue sky that came through a hole in the thatch. The baby was thriving, God bless him; and the other children were out all day roaming the bogland, by way of minding Cusha, the old cow that was the most valuable thing Tom Hanrahan owned.

"How are the pitaties with you, Tom, my man?" asked Mary Casey.

Tom started, and looked down at those in his hand. Mechanically his fingers closed on them as he answered:

"I've not started to diggin' yet, nor won't these five weeks."

"I was thinkin' by what you wor carryin' you wor, maybe, samplin' them."

"So I was," said Tom guiltily. "Seein' yez all put it out o' my mind."

"They don't look over-promisin'."

"No more they don't," said Tom.

"What are yez goin' to do for the winter, yourself an' the childher?"

"Och! the Lord knows," said Tom, with a shadow of dismay creeping up his white face, as you may see the cloud-shadows creeping up the walls on an overcast and gloomy day.

"Well, Tom," said Mary Casey, "we've been thinkin' a dale of you in your trouble. Your misfortune has lain on many a heart."

"Thankful I am to you, Mrs. Casey," said Tom, wondering what was coming next.

"Sure you have everyone's good-will, and so had Eily, too. God rest her. 'Twas she was the fond wife and mother."

"She was so," said the widower, with something like a spasm crossing his face.

"Still, Tom, ahagur, you can't keep frettin' for her for ever. Sure, she's better off, and you've the childher to be thinkin' of."

Tom stared and wondered again what was coming.

"Tom," said Mary Casey solemnly, "we're your friends, an' you must take what we say in good part. You're killin' yourself, man, tryin' to get out o' the land what was never in it. An' sure, Eily herself 'ud be the first to bid you put everything out o' your head except the good of yourself an' the childher."

"She would so," answered Tom, seeing that Mary Casey paused for an answer.

The spokeswoman brightened visibly, and all the other women wagged their frilled caps. Mary drew a long breath before she spoke again.

"You've paid proper respect to the memory of her that's gone, Tom Hanrahan. An' now, Poll Daly, that you wouldn't look at when Eily lived, is there with her house an' her fortune.

You must send the matchmaker to her, Tom, for the childher's sake, man."

Tom Hanrahan had listened to the speech with horror. He fell back a little as it concluded, and, reaching out, caught Kitty's little hand.

"Whisht! woman dear. You don't know what you're talkin' about," he muttered, while the big beads of sweat came out on his forehead. "What, marry again! Put another woman over Eily's childher, is it? I'll do anything in rayson, but not that, oh, not that, good woman!"

Then the women sitting round about broke out in various arguments, to all of which Tom Hanrahan listened with a dumb shaking of the head. He had retired to the wall now, as if he had been beaten back. Little Kitty still held fast to his hand, and kept glancing apprehensively from him to the circle of women. What they said passed over his head, most of it. The whole mind of the man was stunned at the idea of his marrying another woman.

At the back of his mind he felt the thing was impossible, incredible. Still, he was not the one to put his refusal into words. He wanted to be shut of the women, that was all. In this babel he could not think of Eily, and the thought of her was ever in his silence.

"Let me be, and I will think of it," he said at last.

"Ay, think of it, Tom, acushla. Think it over for the sake of them she's left wid you. Sure, only for the childher nobody 'ud be dramin' of your marryin' again."

This was the spokeswoman, Mary Casey, and having said as much, she gathered all her kind-hearted meddlers together and left the cabin.

"Let it lie in his mind," she said to them. "Let it lie till he sees that the whole of his pitaties are all as one as the poor things he held in his fist. 'Twas a shock to him, sure enough; but he'll get used to it in time."

When Tom was left alone with Kitty, he sat down on a stool by the cabin fire, and reached for a turf to light his pipe. He had forgotten that he had had no tobacco for a couple of days past. Kitty watched him with dumb sympathy as he sat sucking at the black pipe.

"Did ye ever hear the like o' that, Kitty?" he said at last.

"Sure, they know no better," said the child. "'Twas meant in kindness."

"Oh, ay," said the man. "But it was a quare thing to ask me to do."

"It was," said the child; "but sure, it's only the foolishness of them. They're kind, poor cratures, an' did it for the best."

The man looked down at the unchildlike face.

"Is it true, avourneen, what they said, that I was puttin' too much on you?"

"It is not," said the child passionately. "'Tis all I'm vexed about wid them. Sure, if there was a hundred Poll Dalys the childher couldn't do without me. An' the baby's rale fond o' me."

"So he is, so he is," asserted the father, a watery gleam of humour breaking over his pale face. "Still, you're only a wee bit of a thing to have the rearin' of a big fat baby like him."

"He claps his hands an' crows when he sees me. He's that knowledgable already that he knows where the milk comes from, and laughs when he sees Cusha cross the bog. And Cusha knows him, too. She'd give him the last drop of her milk."

"You should be at school, avourneen, as they said, gettin' the book-larnin' instead of rarin' a little family."

"I don't think much of the book-larnin'," said Kitty gravely. "Sorra much good it does them that has it."

"Whisht, you foolish little girl. Sure, it is the grandest thing at all to be a scholar."

"I'd rather sit in the sun an' nurse the baby, any day," said Kitty. "An' what's more, I wouldn't go a foot to school, not if there was a thousand Poll Dalys in the place. Sure, what does an ould maid like her know of rarin' a child? He'd be screechin' his little heart out for me, an' I in the ould school beyant larnin' ould pot-hooks an' hangers."

Tom gave a deep sigh of relief as he watched the expression of contempt in Kitty's face for the "book-larnin'."

"Very well, acushla," he said humbly. "As long as I'm not wrongin' you. You know I'll do my best, Kitty asthore, to earn for you an' the childher. I've great hopes that the pitaties won't turn out a bad crop, after all."

"They'll turn out rale well," said Kitty; "an' now, be puttin' them women out of your head, them an' their foolishness. Sure, they must be talkin' about somethin', God help them."

There was no reason for this hopefulness about the potatoes on the part of Tom and Kitty, except, perhaps, that the day was a beautiful one, and every bog-pool like a window in Heaven. On such days it is hard to remember that the winter, with misfortune in his track, is hard on the heels of the summer.

Tom went to work with a courage that lasted but a little while. The beautiful summer couldn't make big floury potatoes out of hard little unwholesome bulbs, nor put a hundred head of oats where one stood up in the poor land reclaimed from the bog. Cusha, too, was nearly dry, and she was old, poor thing, and not of much use to keep alive. Yet Tom couldn't bear to take her to a fair and sell her. Sure, she had been a little calf when Eily and he were children together; and how proud they had been when they bought her after their marriage, and drove her home to her pasturage in the bog.

Tom worked hard that summer, and when his own scant hay and potatoes were saved, hired himself out to do another man's work. But no matter how hard he strove, want came steadily nearer his door. And over at Carnaduff, Poll Daly's rick-yard was full, and she was pitting the finest of potatoes.

As the days turned round to autumn, Tom

Hanrahan avoided the neighbouring women more and more. He hurried away from the chapel on Sunday morning instead of waiting for the neighbourly word and the bit of a chat. Sometimes when he was working in the fields he would stop suddenly, and wipe the cold sweat from his brow; and he'd rather meet the devil himself any day than Mary Casey. Often, too, he went alone to Eily's grave, and would kneel beside it till the night caught him, with the tears running down his face. The heart of the man was torn in two between his love for his wife and his duty to his children.

To make things worse, the autumn came, the wettest was ever known. All day the valley was filled with a mist of rain, and floods were racing and leaping down every hill, and the bog was like a sponge filled to overflowing, and how the turf was to be cut no one knew.

"When Cusha comes home from the bog to-night," said Tom Hanrahan to Kitty, one of those wet mornings, "I'll tether her in the shed. We'll have to sell her, Kitty, an' there's Glenna fair come Saturday."

Kitty's eyes filled with large tears.

"She'd a' given the last drop of her milk to the baby," she said. The baby, who had been pulled nearer the hearth to get out of the way of the great hole in the thatch, opened his eyes and began to cry. He missed that gap through which he had been accustomed to see the sky and the occasional flight of a bird.

"I'll turn in and mend the roof to-morrow," said Tom Hanrahan, "or we'll be washed clean out of the place. I ought to ha' done it before, only I didn't like to give up the work at Kelly's."

That day he met Mary Casey at a bend of the road. He was obliged to stop, though his eyes all the time made for flight. They discussed the weather and the terrible state the poor people were going to be in for the winter, Tom all the time trying to give the conversation an impersonal turn. At last he made a movement to go, but he wasn't as free as he thought, poor man! Mary Casey held his hand a minute as he said good-bye.

"Be a man, Tom," she said, "or you'll see Eily's childher starvin' this winter. Poll Daly'll make a kind mother over them."

Tom wrenched his hand from her and went home miserable. When he got in the dusk was lying low over all the bog, and the children were crouching by the glimmer on the hearth.

"Cusha never came home," piped up the smallest boy, "an' Kitty says we'll be drowned in a bog-hole if we go to look for her."

Tom sat down with a heavy prevision of new misfortune. So many years at sundown Cusha had come home picking her way cleanly over the soft places in the bog. But now she was getting old and stupid, the creature, and in many places the bog-pools must have widened to little inland seas. Tom never doubted that Cusha was drowned, and his fears turned out to be too true.

When it was certain that the last thing that

stood between them and starvation was gone, Tom Hanrahan felt that indeed the Fates were on the side of the wise women of Glenna Valley, and his heart was filled with a helpless bitterness worse than death.

He had no heart to mend the thatch as he had promised. The day after they had found poor Cusha, dead and stiff, he and Kitty sat together comfortless. The children were playing in Cusha's shed, so they were undisturbed. Only the baby lay on Kitty's lap stretching his feet towards the damp turf fire, into which the rain hissed. Rain, it was the worst of rain. Grey sheets and seas of it over the bog, and the hills blotted out as you blot the lines on a slate by passing a bit of sponge over it.

Tom Hanrahan looked at the kicking baby.

"The flesh'll go off him now, Kitty, that his best friend is gone."

Kitty caught the baby to her with a spasm of maternal fear.

"God wouldn't allow it," she said. "I'd beg the world for him sooner."

Tom Hanrahan took out his old handkerchief and wiped his face.

"Everything's drivin' me to it, Kitty," he said. And then in a hoarse voice, "How am I to face Eily after puttin' Poll Daly in her place?"

Kitty crept a bit nearer to him.

"Whisht," she whispered, "whisht. Sure *they'd* have the sense to know *there* that you was druv to it, that it was for the childher you done it."

"There'll be lashins an' lavins in the place when Poll Daly's in it," the man said drearily. "Yez'll never want for anythin' any more. But I wish I could go away and lave yez to the comfort. I'm nigh hand tired o' livin', Kitty avourneen, since your mother died."

The child lifted her ragged pinafore and wiped away a tear. She sat rocking the baby to and fro on her knees in silence for a minute.

"'Twould ha' been aisier," she said at last, "if she'd took us wid her."

"It would so," said the man. "But I'm misdoubtin' 'tis little she'll care in Heaven for Poll Daly's husband."

"She'd *know* it was for the childher," said the child again.

"Maybe she'd put it on me to do," said the man. "An' yet if she'd asked me the like when she was dyin', I'd have said it was too hard."

"The wind is risin'," said little Kitty, "or it's the roar o' them sthrames. I do be thinkin' o' Cusha, the poor crathur, missin' her footin', an' not bein' able to find her way out again."

"I suppose she was on me mind last night," said Tom Hanrahan. "I had the quarest ould drame ever was. Stannin' on high ground I was, an' the roar of a river in me ears. An' then it came tumblin' in, oceans of it, muddy an' straked wid foam. An' threes an' stacks an' little calves an' sheep it was carryin' wid it. An' as I was watchin' it the corpse of a man came along. Then I laned out thinkin' it might be some wan I knew. An' Kitty, I

saw myself. It gev me a rale start in the drame, an' I sat up sweatin'! But there was nothin', only the roar of the sthrames an' the rain peltin' agin the house."

The child drew in her breath sharply.

"'Twas an ugly ould drame," she said, "an' the Lord betune us an' harm!"

"'Tis hardly worth while mendin' the ould hole in the thatch," Tom Hanrahan went on. "Poll'll be for havin' the whole of us over to her place. The sorra on the woman," he went on; "what can she want wid a widdyman, an' a handful o' young childher?"

"'Tis meself won't like lavin' the ould cabin," said Kitty.

"There's harder things to lave," said Tom Hanrahan drearily. "I brought your mother home here, Kitty, when I married her. But sure 'tis no use talkin'. Dead is dead, an' to-morra I send the matchmaker to Poll Daly."

That night when Tom Hanrahan gathered his little flock around him to recite the Rosary for the repose of their mother's soul, he felt as if it were for the last time. To-morrow night he would be Poll Daly's promised husband, and he would have turned his back on Eily for ever.

As he lay in bed, and heard the soft breathing of the children around him, the big sobs shook him as he lay. He was crying to his dead wife over the grave and silence.

"If you could only come to me, acushla, an' say you forgive me, an' know I'm not doin' it to plase myself, but for your little childher that they mayn't want! Oh, if I could only see you stannin' there in the strake o' moonlight, an' know you came to comfort me, your poor unfortunate husband that you left behind!"

But the moon scurried behind a wild cloud, and the shadows fled across his floor, and no answer came. At last he slept exhausted, lulled by the dull roar of the waters; and all the little flock was asleep.

It must have been soon after midnight that the cabin began to rock like a cradle when a foot is stirring it up and down, up and down. It soon went like a tree in a gale, but the children were all sleeping. Outside the solid earth was quaking; the bog was beginning to move, and every swirling stream from the mountains was helping to cast it loose from its foundations. But the wind had gone down, and the moon coming out of a torn world of clouds bathed all the wreck and ruin in silver.

When the bog at last stood still and began to give up its dead, it was found that the dead and living had voyaged in company.

Erris churchyard stood in the path of the bog, and was covered as completely as the homesteads of the living. Many a coffin washed out of its grave came down with the bog. And they do say that Eily Hanrahan's coffin was found not far from the spot where Tom, and little Kitty with the baby clasped close to her, were drawn out of the black mass. Anyhow, they were laid together in one grave. Peace be with them!

INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE.

BY FLORENCE ANNA FULCHER.

THERE are perhaps no two words that are more constantly undergoing changing relations and varying shades of meaning in scientific phraseology than instinct and intelligence, and yet no two that through all changes of definition are better preserving the main features of their ancient simple reading.

In the once upon a time of science, that ancient, yet ever new wonderland wherein our forerunners bowed reverently at the door of many a shrine still sealed, instinct was blind, and reason a seer with eyes wide open. Instinct was the result of unconscious, intelligence of conscious knowledge. Let us see how this fits the more complicated theories of to-day.

Mr. Romanes has defined the most generally accepted view in the following words :

"Instinct is a generic term comprising all those faculties of mind which lead to the conscious performance of actions that are adaptive in character, but pursued without necessary knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the end obtained. We must however remember that instinctive actions are very commonly tempered by what Pierre Huber calls 'a little dose of judgment or reason.' But although reason may thus in varying degrees be blended with instinct, the distinction between the two is sufficiently precise; for reason, in whatever degree present, only acts upon a definite and often laboriously acquired knowledge of the relation between means and ends. Moreover, adjustive actions due to instinct are similarly performed by all individuals of a species under the stimulus supplied by the same appropriate circumstances, whereas adjustive actions due to reason are variously performed by different individuals. Lastly, instinctive actions are only performed under particular circumstances which have been frequently experienced during the life history of the species, whereas rational actions are performed under varied circumstances, and serve to meet novel exigencies which may never before have occurred even in the life history of the individual."

It will be seen that the chief distinction lies still between conscious and unconscious knowledge, action done in the darkness of ignorance or in the light of reason.

And if this definition of the two words retains so much of their early significance, so also the still more difficult problem of the origin of these two faculties bids fair to revert again and always again to its former home in the secret places of Him whose ways are past finding out.

Let us again refer to Mr. Romanes, and take his version of the two most prominent materialistic theories of the origin of instinct to show how inadequate any explanation based on purely natural and physical grounds is to account for even this, the least of all the higher attributes of life :

"I. By the effects of habit in successive generations, mental activities which were originally intelligent become

stereotyped into permanent instincts. Just as in the lifetime of the individual, adaptive actions which were originally intelligent may by frequent repetition become automatic, so in the lifetime of the species actions originally intelligent may, by frequent repetition and heredity, so write their effects on the nervous system that the latter is prepared, even before individual experience, to perform adaptive actions mechanically which in previous generations were performed intelligently. This mode of origin of instinct has been appropriately called, 'the lapsing of intelligence.'

"II. The other mode of origin consists in natural selection, or survival of the fittest, continuously preserving actions which, though never intelligent, yet happen to have been of benefit to the animals which first chanced to perform them. Thus, for instance, take the instinct of incubation. It is quite impossible that any animal can ever have kept its eggs warm with the intelligent purpose of hatching out their contents, so we can only suppose that the incubating instinct began by warm-blooded animals showing that kind of attention to their eggs which we find to be frequently shown by cold-blooded animals, crabs, spiders, etc."

It is but fair to the memory of Mr. Romanes to add that these words were written before he changed his opinion on many important points, at a time when he could still so speak of the possibility of a physical basis to spiritual powers as to use the term "the protoplasm of judgment" in all seriousness. It is obvious to readers of those fragments which are all that are left us of the dawning of his later thoughts, that Mr. Romanes would have supported us in saying that there is yet a third point of view from which we may approach the problem, and that according to this reading he would no longer be found willing to admit that it is impossible that the hen is endowed with enough intelligence to know that the eggs she broods over so tenderly as to be an example of the highest care, need her fostering. Wherever there is life there is endowment, the gift of something quite outside and apart from the physical growth and actions of the corporeal body. No system of psychological research which ignores this can satisfy all the conditions. Between those theories which ascribe conscious life with its mysterious faculties of mind to the outcome of purely physical tendencies, and those which allow a measure of inspiration—whether working through the means of a gradual evolutionary rise, or by a gift at the moment of special creation, or by the constant dropping of providential showers—the reverent student of biology must ever discriminate. It is a most significant feature of this branch of science that even some of the strictest evolutionists confess that wherever there is life there is endowment, something which cannot be accounted for by any of the processes which belong to physical development, the gift of something illusive, intangible, inexplicable, quite outside and inde-

pendent of the physical actions or instincts of an individual or of a race. It is necessary to consider the spiritual parentage and environment as well as the physical, before we can enter into a comprehensive study of any living creature.

Again, reverting once more to the older uses of the terms instinct and intelligence, I would point out that the researches of modern science have improved in the sense in which the terms are applied, though it has altered their meaning so little; improved not upon the old teaching that says "the stork in the heaven *knoweth* her appointed times," but upon the traditions of our immediate forefathers who, until quite recent years, were apt to use the word instinct, the blind leading, as covering and accounting for all the knowledge possessed by animals, while intelligence, the seeing, learning and reasoning faculty, was to them the special and exclusive prerogative of man. It is admitted now that the two overlap. That both in the lower orders of life and in our own the sub-conscious, and for the most part hereditary, powers, and the conscious and acquired, supplement each other.

Some recent contributions to the study of animal intelligence that lie open before me add fresh proof—if proof were needed—that this is so: Dr. Wesley Mills's patient and laborious notes on "The Study of Animal Intelligence," and the Cat, Dog, and Bird Stories collected by the "Spectator."

Dr. Mills's opening chapters are full of interest. Like all modern scientists—and more of this anon—his methods are comparative, and he is right in drawing attention to the fact erstwhile ignored, that there is much in common between the lords of creation and the creatures that are subject to them. I have elsewhere pointed out that some of the attributes of beasts and birds have come to stand among the most beautiful and forcible similes of language, because there is that in them which touches kindred faculties in ourselves. It is true also of much of the sympathy that exists between men and animals. The dog is the friend of man because he is in a certain degree capable of feeling, and showing that he feels, some of those emotions which characterise friendship between man and man. The horse is our fellow-labourer in a way neither steam plough nor motor can ever be, because there enters into its labours the conscientious effort to serve us, while in its leisure moments we know that it shares some of the joys and the sorrows which chequer our own lives, and apprehends, in part, some of the knowledge which we more fully acquire.

But while in his conclusions Dr. Mills claims for the animal world their due share of powers of mind, reason, memory, the power of drawing deductions from observations and making an intelligent use of the same, we cannot but regret that his examples are based upon scarcely adequate premises. His remarks on feigning, for instance, are formulated entirely on examples of feigning death, and he allows that this may be the natural and unconscious result of the para-

lysing influence of fear, whereas the same habit as displayed in malingering for the defence of the young, chiefly exemplified by birds, invites a much higher interpretation. Again, in hibernation he takes a purely physical habit, and one in which no element of psychology is included, even when compared, as he gives it, with diseased or cataleptic states in human life. His studies of the psychological developments of young animals also, though so careful and true as far as they go, are altogether insufficient for the place he claims for them as a basis for the study of comparative psychology.

Dr. Mills is in tune with all modern science in reminding us that in order to understand an individual or a race, the life history of its representatives must be followed from their earliest youth; and in the somewhat tedious diaries of the advancement from day to day of young puppies, kittens, and chickens, he has no doubt given a further contribution to the question under consideration; but, after all, the doings of these witless weans are for the most part but the fulfilling of natural instincts, the satisfying of the sensual needs; and the practical part of the book ends just where instances of those traits which support the claim for higher attainments might be expected to begin. It calls for a second volume dealing with those higher faculties, the possession of which is undeniable even in wild beasts and birds. The self-sacrifice and courage shown in their devotion to their young; the intelligence displayed in the doings of wild as of domestic animals; the marvels of migration, a function we no longer relegate to the domain of blind instinct, in birds, moths, fish, and others; the curious powers which enable some creatures to find their way back to a far distant home; the high degree of cunning and ingenious contrivance by which so many guard against contingencies of danger or discovery; the regular forms of government, division of labour and engineering skill of some insect communities.

I think it was Thoreau who said that in order to study natural history intelligently the character of each creature must first be considered, for the chief part of an *animal* was its *anima*, and it is apparent in spite of omissions that Dr. Mills's studies are undertaken with this in view. All the more interesting chapters in his book deal with conclusions which could not have been induced from the notes upon the psychic development of young animals to which he gives such prominence, but are rather based upon his knowledge of a totally distinct class of evidence, the witness of such facts as are recorded of domestic animals in the "Spectator" collection, and in all accounts of wild creatures as recorded by careful naturalists.

Beginning with the physical senses, he claims that in some of the powers which we possess the animals excel, referring to such things as the sense of smell and hearing in animals, sight in birds, touch in insects.

Passing to higher faculties he says, "There is a certain amount of evidence that animals

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A HIGHLAND HEARTH.

BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.



can count within narrow limits." It would be difficult, I think, to prove this, though there seems no reason why it should not be.

Again, Dr. Mills claims for the animals what is generally admitted, that they reason. "Formerly," he argues, "it was said the brutes do not reason. Only persons who do not themselves reason about the subject with the facts before them can any longer occupy such a position."

The following incident which came under my own notice will illustrate the truth of this. A dog of ours, after showing signs of being indisposed for a few days, suddenly disappeared. On the day following, the veterinary surgeon sent up to say that the dog had presented himself at his door, whining and begging to be let in. Some time previously the dog had been left in his care to be treated for a broken leg, and had been sent home after a few weeks in "durance vile" reduced to such a pitiable skeleton by fretting that he was the butt of all beholders. It was evident that the exile had been a veritable *peine forte et dure*, yet he had so undeniably recognised and remembered the curative effects of the treatment as to seek it again when he felt ill. The "Spectator" gives several of such stories, and they have occurred too often to be attributed to chance coincidence.

That animals have the power of memory and the ability to frame mental pictures of absent objects is illustrated by "the grief of a dog at the absence or loss of its master." The "Spectator" collection gives some very certain proofs of the possession of memory. J. K. says: "In a hotel where I am staying, being distressed by the cry of anguish of a dog occasionally, I inquired the cause, and was told that whenever he happens to be in the hall when luggage is brought down to go in the omnibus, he utters these bitter cries and has to be removed. His master left him here many months ago, and the supposition is that the sight of the luggage and omnibus recalls his loss." And numberless pathetic stories such as this, and of dogs who have died of grief or refused to leave their master's grave, attest not only to the possession of memory, but show that they are capable of those emotions on which sorrow strikes the deepest chords in our own hearts. My own grandfather, visiting the field of Waterloo soon after the battle, saw lying upon a rough mound that told too plainly its own tale, a dog, only a sorry mongrel, that had followed its master to his tragic end and refused to be comforted. L. G. Gillum contributes to the "Spectator" a speaking example of sentiment:

"A clergyman had for a long time a dog, and no other domestic animal. He and his servant made a great pet of the dog. At last, however, the clergyman took to keeping a few fowls, and the servant fed them. The dog showed himself very jealous and out of humour at this, and when Sunday came round, and he was left alone, he took the opportunity to kill and bury two hens. A claw half-uncovered betrayed what he had done. His master did not beat him, but took hold of him, and talked to him most bitterly, most severely. 'You've been guilty of the sin of murder,

sir, and on the Sabbath day, too; and you, a clergyman's dog, taking a mean advantage of my absence!' etc. He talked on and on for a long time, in the same serious and reproachful strain. Early the next morning the master had to leave home for a day or so; and he did so without speaking a word of kindness to the dog, because he wished him to feel himself in disgrace. On his return, the first thing he was told was, 'The dog is dead. He never ate nor drank after you had spoken to him; he just lay and pined away, and he died an hour ago.'"

If we did not believe such testimonies as these, Landseer's beautiful "Chief Mcurner" would be a travesty instead of a tragedy.

Dr. Mills reminds us also that there is evidence that the animals possess some gifts which we have scarcely any share in at all. "Many of the performances of the lower animals," he says, "if accomplished by man would be regarded as indications of the possession of marvellous genius." In connection with this thought we recall the sense of direction which enables animals to thread trackless forests and boundless plains, birds to navigate the ocean of air, and fish to lay highways in the pathless seas; the powers of weather forecasting, premonition of earthquakes, divining for water, and the foraging instincts by which they are often guided while we suffer from ignorance.

Additional proof of all these powers will readily occur to anyone who has given a moment's thought to the question of the intelligence of animals.

But here we come to the blank wall that rises up between us and a knowledge of any of the further possibilities of mind and soul in the other orders of being. Dr. Mills has scarcely given due weight to this insuperable bar. Filled with the sense of that unity of creation and the universality of its laws which is the leading feature of comparative methods of study, he asserts that the germ of every faculty possessed by man may be found in some representative of the animal world. How do facts, even when given their fullest possibilities of significance, satisfy such a statement? Perhaps the "Spectator" stories may be taken as a fair standard of the highest state reached by the most advanced animals, yet even in these there is no evidence that the animals show the faintest element of any sense of wit or fancy, of origination or any creative power as distinct from the constructive, of art or science, of articulate speech, of abstract or metaphysical thought, of religion or worship. There is no proof in any of the visible attributes of animal life that these gifts are shared by them. If it should be that they possess them in any degree—and we admit that the possibilities of life in any form are boundless—they are held in such difference that we cannot know it.

It may be that the barrier that shuts us off is the lack of a common language; there is a world of suggestion in Dr. Mills's remark on the chimpanzee whose expression of countenance is so human-like as to be positively startling, "If now he could but stumble on speech, what

then?" Or it may be that the unknown of the animal mind runs in channels and grooves so different from those of our spheres of thought that we are incapable of judging, even of recognising, them.

Be this as it may, there are some questions that occur to every learner in the study of animal psychology to which we must reply we do not know the answer. Dr. Mills very justly remarks, "The achievements of the nineteenth century are great, so is its conceit." Yet he would find most of his fellow workers obliged, if not willing, to confess to absolute ignorance on such points as the following.

Have animals the power of abstract thought? Dr. Mills confuses this with the powers of imagination and memory. "Perhaps," he says, "the highest faculty man possesses is that by which he generalises and forms conceptions of the abstract." He then implies that the possession of both this and imagination is shown in "the grief of a dog at the loss of its master and the capacity of animals to dream," whereas neither of these are in any way connected with the power of indulging in abstract thought; the one is an evidence of memory and affection, the other of some of those strange subconscious powers which are not yet analysed even in ourselves. Whether or not this power is theirs we are debarred from knowing by the lack of a common tongue. The same enforced ignorance applies to our studies of the infant mind; yet who that has heard a tiny child sigh, that has watched the smile flutter across little silent lips, doubts that the tender brain is at work upon mysteries that have not yet found utterance. Those of us whose memory carries us back even imperfectly to the very early days, know that thoughts transcending speech hovered on the confines of the mind at each stage of our growth.

That animals have a moral nature is evident. Yet it seems to be only in the dog and the horse, and in them is only evidenced in their dealings with man, that we see any direct proof of conscience. I know a little dog that always betrays the fact that it has transgressed rules by assuming such a comic appearance of the most abject humility when it is called, that suspicion is at once aroused. The "Spectator" gives an amusing instance of a similar conscience-stricken culprit. Few have any acquaintance with dogs who could not give illustrations.

Have the animals any sense of language, either as regards means of communication with us or with each other? The same void confronts us here. That each order communicates with those of its own species by a language of their own is by no means impossible. That they have some means of imparting to each other all they wish is evident, and much of the so-called mysteries of migration would be studied more successfully if due allowance were made for this. But there are modes of thought transference other than speech possible to all thinking beings, and it may be, if articulate speech is denied to *les autres*, that some

other avenue of intercommunication is better developed or more richly endowed.

Closed doors! closed doors! double locked and barred; all the portals to the house of knowledge are not open yet, like the classic gateway of truth that our forefathers were wont to place as a frontispiece to their books.

The difficulties that confront us when we come upon these are chiefly the result of difference. There must be something in common with our own experience before we can recognise any psychological phenomenon. It is one of the limitations of our nature that we can only recognise the unknown through something that we know. Even Holy Scripture is thus framed for our learning, and by symbol and allegory brings to our understanding that we do not know by means of that which we know. It is therefore a point of the highest significance in the study of comparative psychology that where other orders are concerned we are so soon confronted by the impregnable fence of the unknown. Every day we are becoming more and more aware of the infinite complexity of all things, yet among our teachers there are but few who, like the Duke of Argyle, draw due attention to the immense significance of difference. Comparison is a natural and a necessary process by which the human mind approaches any subject, differentiation its keener and further attitude. Especially in the study of life it may be that the observation of difference will lead to truer results than the record of resemblances, for even though likeness should have governed our beginnings, it is unlikeness that is shaping our ends.

In reading such a collection of stories as the "Spectator" group, perhaps the most striking feature is the definite limitation set to the intelligence of animals. It is even disappointing to find in such a representative gathering of clever cats, and clever birds, and dogs, who can distinguish between the purchasing value of pennies and halfpennies and recognise "dinner" or "walk" on a printed card, how strictly their mental powers act within certain bounds, beyond which they show no sign of passing. The same screen which enfolds their minds from our gaze seems to debar them from learning of us. It is often quoted as a logical proof of future stages of evolution that domesticated species are acquiring certain powers from the training and companionship of man—sporting dogs, race-horses, and performing animals. But after all, what does this amount to? Scarcely more than the temporary perpetuation of certain hereditary features which lapse the very moment artificial selection ceases to bear upon them, or, as in the case of performing animals and the tricks of pets, the forcing of perfectly natural habits into unnatural grooves by coaxing or by cruelty.

If it is demonstrated that certain faculties we do possess in common, the void wherein we cannot find the point of contact is quite as obvious. We know but little about ourselves, "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth

upward?" But of "the spirit of the beast that goeth downward" we know still less. What its place in the universe, its relation to the hereafter where our true life is hid, or even in many instances its mission in this world, we know not of any single one of the multitudinous manifestations of life that surround us in this teeming world.

If, as Dr. Mills argues, it is similarity that attracts some, for others, surely, it is the fascination of the unknown that enchains us when we come face to face with the mysteries and the surprises, the endless revelations in dark places of natural history.

The following interesting note reaches us from one of our French correspondents, and we append it here as another illustration of animal sagacity. Although the stories that have been told of the sagacity of the dog would if collected make a voluminous literature, the subject seems to be inexhaustible. The capability of this animal to take the place of man and accept his responsibilities is ever

furnishing fresh matter for astonishment. On the high road between Bordeaux and Arcachon a certain mongrel colley is known to, and much respected by, hundreds of people on account of its almost human intelligence.

It invariably accompanies a couple of bullocks that draw a cart loaded with charcoal into Bordeaux, and return with it empty to the locality where the wood is burnt. Although the cart is in charge of a man, the oxen are practically in charge of the dog. The animal walks on ahead leading the bullocks, and always strictly observing the rules of the road. When the slow-moving beasts have to turn to the right, the dog barks on that side of them, and when to the left he barks on the other side, the oxen having perfectly learnt their part, and being quite willing to obey a quadruped many times smaller than themselves. The dog learnt his business by observing his master, who was much surprised one day to find his companion so accomplished. To lead a bullock-cart, and to know exactly what to do on meeting other traffic, seems as near an approach to human reasoning as can be attained by the intelligence of the brute.

FIRE ISLANDS.

BY DR. LOUIS SAMBON.

I.



THE LIPARI ISLANDS.

"Ora pi salutari ssi billizzi,
'Nterra mi jettu e basciu li tirreni."

"And now to greet these beauties,
I throw myself down and kiss the ground."

Lipari Song.

THE Lipari are a group of volcanic islands of the greatest interest owing to the richness of their scenery, the variety and beauty of their rocks, the magnificent and yet fearful horrors of their phenomena. The peculiarity of their internal structure is largely shown along their water line in immense

quarries wrought by the breakers which foam and boil around.

These islands are only the summits of a submerged volcanic region extending between the coasts of Sicily and Calabria. From a distance they appear like a "school" of enormous whales lying motionless over the surface of the water, and blowing their vapoury breath to a height of two or three thousand feet!

One can easily imagine how vast must have been the mutations in the topography of this archipelago from the time when the first volcano appeared above the surface of the sea; how many eruptive cones must have from time to

time alternately risen and sunk; how many islands must have been formed and destroyed, and then formed and destroyed again! Even within historical times, we know that, in this region, the products of submarine eruptions, deposited at the bottom of the sea, have been raised into land; new islands have been built, old ones have been completely worn away. In the year of Rome 627 Vulcanello appeared and, by subsequent eruptions, was finally united to Vulcano in 1570. The great Eolia of old days, that upheaved its broad back into the clouds, is now crumbled into a cluster of islets and reefs.

The first appearance of the Lipari goes back to the ancient Pliocene epoch. Professor Seguenza found, on the north coast of Sicily, their earliest eruptive products mingled and stratified with numerous fossils, which belong, without doubt, to that age. Till then the blue Tyrrhenian Sea had rolled unchecked to dash its foaming billows on the rocky shores of a wide bay formed by the coasts of Italy and Sicily which were united.

One day, perhaps in a dead calm, the crystal surface of the sea suddenly rose in a large black mass which burst into the air as from the explosion of a gigantic torpedo, and fell back with a crushing roar in terrible cascades of foam. It looked like an enormous water-spout, but the funnel-shaped cloud, which towered over the surging waves, was an immense column of steam and incandescent sand.

The clouds of vapour raced up furiously into the sky, whirling, expanding, unfurling, and spreading thicker and thicker till they shut out the light of day. Upon the blackening sea arose and floated great heaps of sea-weed, and scoræ, and dead fish, which the billows rolled towards the shore. The enormous amount of sand and rock fragments ejected accumulated round the eruptive vent, and, at length, an island appeared amidst the troubled waters. At night the great clouds of steam, set aglow by incessant flashes of lightning and by volleys of red-hot stones, looked like flames rising from a great fire.

It was a terrible and grand sight this combat between fire and water, though but a minor episode in the eternal struggle between the hydra and the dragon. Wild sounds, like groans and howls, added to the terror of the scene. It was the report of blasting steam which hurled enormous blocks of rock far up into the air; the fearful rustling of sand, the clashing and rattling of falling stones, the clapping and rumbling of thunder, the roaring and hissing of lava rushing down in torrents, the thundering of the enormous waves as they rolled and roared and raged round the emerging island, and fiercely tried to undermine it.

The monstrous leviathan, arising out of the abyss, stretched to the skies its long neck, tossing and waving its mane of clouds like a war-horse in the rush of a charge, and looked round for plunder and for victims, while fire

flashed from its broad glittering eye and foam flew from its lips.

At first it seemed as if the volcano would get the victory over the sea; but the waves, like countless packs of hounds, flew against it on



all sides, inflicting the most deep and deadly wounds upon its huge bulk.

At length the hideous native of the deep was overwhelmed.

The waves continued their blows; they spued on its carcass their angry white foam, then they tore off its flesh, and the huge ribs looked like an appalling wreck.

Again and again the tempest rolled against these reefs its masses of liquid steel till the last rock was dashed into the abyss. Then all was covered by the level surface of the unconquerable sea.

This is the old, old tale of all volcanic islands told again in our days by Giulia, Santorino, Sabrina. Thus appeared the earliest Lipari, many of which were destroyed, whilst others heaved their peaks above the surface of the sea, spouting high their fiery fountains.

The islands and islets which form the Lipari Archipelago of to-day are the monumental records of this wondrous tale. In each pebble the geologist can read some detail of the great struggle, as if inscriptions were actually cut on its facets. Hence this archipelago is one of the finest chapters in the noble book of Nature.

Legends.

Volcanic islands, which at all times and places emerged and crumbled, were no doubt the cause which gave

birth to the many legends concerning mysterious islands of which we read in the writings of the middle-ages and more especially in Arab chronicles. Even Christopher Columbus mentions "capricious" or "enchanted" islands which are not found when sought, but are said to be visible at times.

These "fugitive" islands were also called "St. Brandon's Islands," in consequence of the famous legend of St. Brandon, who, in his voyage in search of the "Isles of the Blessed," landed with sixteen devotees upon the back of a whale. The ancient mariners shuddered to approach any uncommon object half seen in the distance for the fear of demons and enchantments, and they bore away with all press of oar and sail, lest the hand of Satan should emerge from the troubled waters, grasp their frail skiff, and drag it down into the abyss.

The Lipari Islands were called "Héphaistides" by the Greeks and "Vulcaniæ" by the Romans, who believed them to be the famous forges of Vulcano and his Cyclops. They were also called "Eolian Isles," from good King Æolus, whom legend makes the God of winds, from the reputation he had acquired in foretelling weather changes by studying the columns of vapour rising from the active volcanoes of his dominions. Even now the inhabitants of these islands consult the summits of Stromboli and Vulcano, whose vaporous plumes, giving the direction of the wind and the moisture of the atmosphere, afford valuable indications to the experienced eye.

In the middle ages, the wondrous tales of mythology were replaced by religious legends, which are still afloat in these isles, though perhaps shadowy and distorted by the lapse of time.

It is believed that the wicked Theodoric was shut up in the crater of Vulcano as a punishment for his sins. A monk of Lipari saw him dragged to the island by the unavenged spirits of Pope John and the Patrician Simmacus, who hurled him into the burning crater.

St. Calogero, who dwelt for years in a lava grotto on Vulcano, praying, fasting, and scourging himself, said once to a pilgrim who visited him: "Know ye that beneath this island there are hollow places full of wind and fire, which escape through certain openings in the mountain, commonly called the mouths of Vulcano. An infinite multitude of demons haunt these openings, and I have often seen them going in and out changing themselves into the shapes of beasts and creeping things!"

It was St. Calogero who was fabled to drive the insolent devils from the mountain of "Le Pietre Nere," in Lipari, where once they clamoured and thundered. The fiends took refuge in the "Stufe" (fumaroles), producing terrible explosions, but even thence he hunted them out and, driving them into the crater of Vulcanello, finally compelled them to give way to their rage in Vulcano.

MONTE DELLA GUARDIA.

I visited the Lipari Islands in 1889 with a party of naturalists, conducted by my illustrious friend, Dr. H. J. Johnstone-Lavis, the author of some admirable and well-known papers on volcanic phenomena. Our travelling companions were Prof. Sollas, F.R.S., James Parker, M.A., F.G.S., G. W. Butler, B.A., F.G.S., W. B. Gibbs, F.R.A.S., T. Howse, F.L.S., T. H. Thomas (special artist of the "Graphic"), L. W. Fulcher, B.Sc., T. Haynes Roach, G. S. Eunson, G. L. E. Andreae, T. Lewis, F. L. Smith, and Messrs. Platania of Acireale. We left Messina on September 18, on board the *Villa S. Giovanni*, a small screw steamer plying usually from Messina to Reggio. She had been placed at the disposal of the party, at very small cost, by the Navigation Company, "La Calabria," and was all our own for one week. Mattresses and blankets, provisions and luggage, photographic apparatus, and cooking utensils were soon tumbled on board, and away we steamed to explore the wondrous Fire Islands.

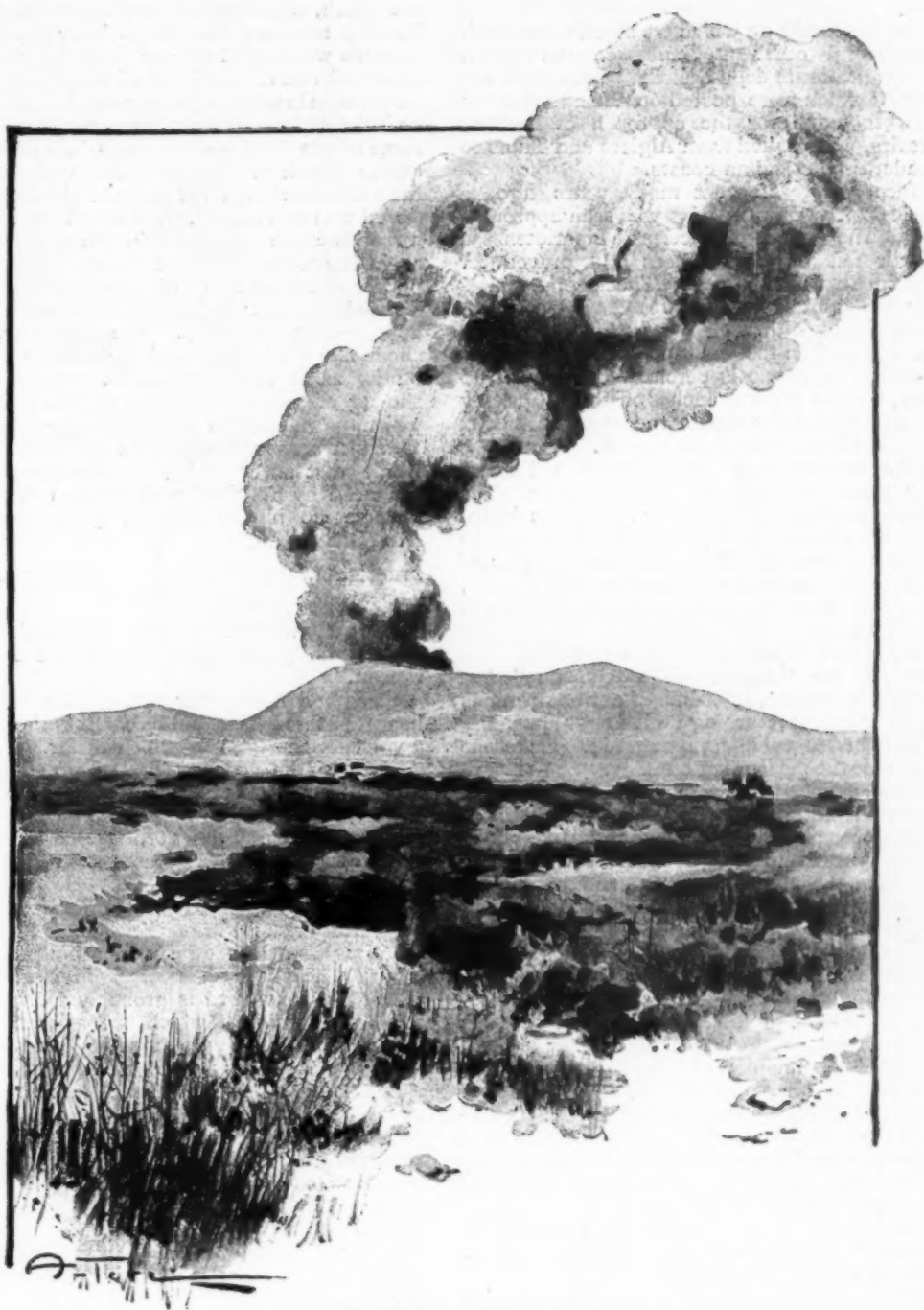
At sunset we slipped into smooth water, and dropped our anchor in the port of Lipari, abreast the old castle, which is perched on a great jutting promontory of obsidian glass.

On landing, we were greeted by Bartolommeo, the recognised guide of Lipari, a good-humoured little chap, who led us to the wine-shop, where, seated on long wooden benches, we unfolded our plans. It was then we decided to climb "Monte della Guardia" that very night to observe an eruption of Vulcano, and Bartolommeo went out to engage boys as torch-bearers. This was easy, for all the children of the town had assembled at the door of the "osteria," and all were eager to join our expedition. Large bundles of canes were made to be used as torches, and the procession started.

The boys scrambled on with their lighted faggots, which blazed and crackled cheerfully, and we toiled and clambered up the steep, broken path, often stumbling over huge stones or dragging ourselves through thickets of thorn and brambles.

It was a lovely night, calm, clear, glorious; there was no moon, but there were thousands of stars shining brightly overhead. The ragged urchins running along and quarrelling over the flaring faggots, which they tried to take away from each other, scattered showers of sparks on our path, and away we went as merrily as so many schoolboys on a holiday excursion, jesting, laughing, shouting, while Bartolommeo sang at the top of his voice a love song to honey lips and curly locks.

When we reached the summit we put out our torches, leaving only Bartolommeo's dim lantern alight. The boys rushed off to sack the nearest vineyard, and we stood earnestly looking into the dark landscape, in which Vulcano and Vulcanello made together but one broad shadow, black and treacherous. We could hear the waves lashing against the shore, and wondered whether it was really the roar of



THE ISLAND OF VULCANO.

the sea that we heard or the rumbling of the volcano.

Far away to N.N.E. ever and anon glittered the summit of Stromboli like a flashing light-house.

The mountain on which we stood was called, like several other mountains in the Lipari Islands, "Monte della Guardia," because of the sentries which were posted on them, as late as 1830, to watch for the approach of Barbary corsairs, who sailed from Algiers and Tunis to plunder on the Italian coasts.

Once, a great, great many years ago, a whole flotilla of pirate ships was seen approaching. The poor defenceless Lipariotes in despair fell on their knees and prayed for help to St. Bartholomew. The legend relates how the saint instantly came down on a very bright cloud with a clasp-knife in his hand (!) and alighted on the great obsidian promontory on which the castle is perched. He spoke no word, but cut a few branches off the old prickly pears which grew within the crevices of the rock, and threw them into the sea. As soon as the flat, lozenge-shaped branches touched water, they were transformed into real ships. The Lipariotes lost no time; they rushed on board their miraculous boats, and cast off at once to attack the enemy. Well, in three-quarters of an hour all the pirate ships were burnt, sunk, or driven on shore, as every good Christian in Lipari will tell you.

For more than an hour we waited and watched on "Monte della Guardia," but nothing happened, and some of our companions began to talk of returning; but on our appealing to their better feelings, they agreed to make one more pipe the measure of our stay. Long before this was finished we were startled by a sudden explosion, and, with a tremendous roar, there burst a dense column of steam and sand, which surged upwards to a height of at least a thousand feet above the edge of the crater, and then spread out in a vast canopy of cloud. The mighty column shone lurid in the light of the red-hot sand which the crater streamed into the sky, whilst lightning flashed incessantly amongst its raking folds. Large fragments of lava, red-hot, white-hot, looking like shooting stars in the darkness, were continually hurled up, and so high that they pierced the cloud canopy and then fell, clashing and rattling on the sides of the cone, or on the plain below. On the south-west side the shattered fragments set fire to a large cluster of broom-bushes, from which great vivid flames instantly arose, and contrasted grandly with the dusky glow of the steam pillar. Then the detonations grew fainter, the rushes of steam ceased, and the eruption was over as suddenly as it began.

We had witnessed a paroxysmal eruption similar in type, differing only in magnitude and duration from that of Vesuvius when Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed.

It was deep night when we reached the shore, and we did not find the boat of the *Villa*

S. Giovanni. We were therefore obliged to entrust ourselves to an old and leaky boat that we found lying on the sand.

As we pushed off, the boys cheered us from the beach, wheeling the last remnants of their bamboo torches; then they threw the brands into the water, and to our great surprise, concentric circles of vivid light instantly appeared and spread in wide and wider circuit. It looked as if the embers had set the sea on fire. Then some of the boys threw stones into the water, others shook a big cable which dipped at a little distance from the shore. The effect produced was marvellous. All round the boat, as far as the eye could reach, the sea glittered as in the wake of a full moon. This phosphorescent glow was so intensely bright that it dazzled our sight and made the starry heavens appear dark and hazy. The swinging cable shone like fluid silver, and the sea-fire dripped off it, as it rose above the water, like a shower of gems—the gems of the mermaids which, as all sailors know, dissolve in the air. It was a stupendous miracle of Nature. The whole vast sheet of luminous whiteness was produced by multitudinous swarms of an animalcule no bigger than a pin's head, the *Noctiluca miliaris*.

STROMBOLI, "THE GREAT LIGHTHOUSE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN."

Next day we started at sunrise to visit Stromboli, "the great lighthouse of the Mediterranean."

Stromboli rises sheer out of the sea to a height of three thousand feet. It is the peak of a volcano, the base of which is far below the surface of the waters. Seen from the south, its summit appears cleft in twain; its girth at sea-level is over nine miles. It consists of an old central cone of dolerite, covered by basaltic lava-flows and agglomerates of more recent date.

All round the island are rugged bastions of lava, which rise to various heights, and look like huge cascades petrified whilst dashing down the sides. They are called *sciare* in the Sicilian dialect, and the word is probably derived from the Arabic *sci'arā*, which means "shaggy." These lava-sheets are mostly basaltic, and in some localities have assumed columnar forms, as at Punta dell' Uomo, and better still at Punta Labronzo.

Columnar structure is to be found in the more compact, central part of almost every basaltic stream, so much so that it has been erroneously called basaltic structure. Well-known examples are the columnar basalts of the Isle of Staffa, and the Giant's Causeway on the coast of Antrim in Ireland. According to tradition, the Giant's Causeway is the remnant of a huge pavement which extended from Ireland to Scotland. It is an immense mosaic, composed of forty thousand columns of basalt incessantly swept by the waves.

At N.E., about half a mile from Stromboli, rises almost perpendicularly to a height of

three hundred feet above the surface of the sea, *la Petra*, or Strombolicchio. It is a huge mass of exceedingly compact trachitic lava, the core of an eruptive cone destroyed ages ago by the waves, which now wash over it at every gale.

Stromboli is always active, and for the last two thousand years we know that it has never closed its broad, flashing eye. But Stromboli is not the only volcano continuously active, because the Masaya, the Isalco, the Sangay in

Our path ran between thick hedges of prickly pears, across a tract of level ground studded with small vineyards and twinkling white houses; then it ascended to the Post-office on a hill called St. Bartolo. Here the post-master served us an excellent breakfast. While the food was being prepared, we gathered bright hexagonal scales of crystallised iron which had shot out in thick groups, like lichens, within the cavities of a soft and crumbling lava of a dull brick-



STROMBOLI.

America, have likewise never covered their fires.

Stromboli is said to be no other than the devil himself turned upside down. Diabolus had tried to tempt a saint who was sitting alone on the heights of Palmi in Calabria, but the man of God resisted his temptations, and obliged him to plunge headlong into the sea, where he can be seen, at this day, still burning.

We landed by the hamlet of S. Vincenzo on a beach of jet-black sand, on which were lounging two old fishermen, smoking their morning pipes.

colour which lay close by. Thomas, seated on an upturned basket, sketched a beautiful girl of twelve with a dark-brown complexion and large, black, lovely eyes.

After a cheerful meal we began our ascension to the summit. At first, the path wound up the east side of the island, which falls abruptly to the sea; but above the semaphore station, which was then being constructed, it led up a broken and rugged ascent, between two narrow hedges of thorny bushes, which obliged us to climb in single file. The sun had risen high in the heavens, and it glared and burnt fiercely, but

we sweated up gallantly, dragging ourselves with much labour and pain over the loose stones. Now and again we met peasant women running down with large baskets of grapes upon their heads; their feet were protected by sandals of goat-skin secured to the leg by strings.

At about five hundred feet from sea-level we found ourselves so much exhausted by fatigue and the difficulties of the road, that we sat down in order to recover our breath. We had been climbing amidst rich vineyards, trained over a horizontal trellis of bamboo hardly a foot from the ground.

After a short rest we patiently resumed our path, which was extremely steep, and led through other vineyards, gradually becoming more difficult till it ended in a plantation of willows, which extends all round the cone, marking, as it were, the limits of the vine region. Then, suddenly, on turning behind a large rock, we came in sight of the *Sciara del fuoco*.

We halted to see the *Sciara*. It is a scene of awful dreariness and grandeur.

Imagine a vast triangular slope of jet-black sand, extending from the eruptive crater to the sea with an incline of about 50°. It stretches between two diverging ridges formed by vast agglomerations, amongst which protrude denuded eruptive dykes and large masses of bright yellow and rusty lava. Ever and anon, hot scoriæ, shot out of the crater, fell on the smooth sheet of ashes, and rolled over and over down to the sea, raising little clouds of dust.

We did not stop long; the sight of the *Sciara* had generated an irresistible desire to get nearer to the crater. We scrambled and clambered over the most difficult and broken ground that can be imagined, and at length we reached the crest of the ascent.

The summit of Stromboli consists of two peaks united by a narrow ridge of sand, along which it would be dangerous to walk if the foot did not sink to the ankle, and thus get a firmer hold. This knife-edge of sand is the common wall of two old craters dismantled toward the sea.

The now active crater of Stromboli opens in the north side of the island at about five hundred feet below the highest summit, within one of the ancient extinct craters filled by recent materials up to its outer lip. It is a basin some hundred yards across and sixty-five feet deep. For hundreds of years it has kept its actual position like a parasitic crater, nor can it rise higher, having no support to the N.W., on which side a tremendous landslide occurred at some remote period, carrying away the crater wall and forming the *Sciara*.

The eruptive cones would soon return to the mountain top if they could build a great buttress over the *Sciara*, but this is prevented by the breakers that batter incessantly against the shore.

The good folks of Stromboli, surprised at the fact that not even a narrow beach has ever been formed at the foot of the *Sciara* by the immense

amount of materials which have ever and continuously poured down this side of the cone, imagined that, in this place, the sea had no bottom, and that the volcano sucked in from below the materials hurled out above.

In 1744, after an unusually abundant ejection of scoriæ, a narrow ledge appeared at this place. It lasted about four months, and then was again washed away by the sea. Thus the waves perpetually, and often with stormy rage, destroy the work of this great Danaid.

From the ridge on the mountain-top, we overlooked the yawning crater, and the broad sea down below, and all the islands in the distance, and Sicily with superb Mount Etna.

Then we sat ourselves down among the sand to witness the grand play of the eruption.

Five small crater-cones opened in a line along the edge of the *Sciara* and were puffing and roaring and blasting and hissing at about a hundred yards from us. They fired at intervals of from five to six minutes, sometimes alternately, at other times two or three simultaneously.

The crater nearest north was the largest—it measured over six yards across, and was cracked and fissured all round. Great clouds of dense white steam issued from its mouth and rolled up in huge folds, or sank back as if sucked in by the crater to be spouted out again in furious gushes, with rare fragments of lava.

The second and third craters were so close to one another that the copious materials they ejected mingled and heaped into a single cone.

The explosions of the various vents were quite independent. Those of the fourth crater, which was also the smallest, were more frequent and more noisy. During its explosions it often puffed out beautiful rings of white steam, which ascended in the blue sky above, whirling and twisting, then gradually widened, broke up, and vanished.

The steam from the last crater, which also formed rings, was much darker, because of the greater quantity of dust which it carried.

It was impossible to climb up these eruptive cones and look down into their boiling cauldrons; but, remembering the splendid observations made by Spallanzani at that very place a hundred years before, we knew from the rushes of vapour, from the volleys of red-hot scoriæ, from inaction itself, how the lava swelled and rose and glowed within the crater, how it boiled and burst in a thousand fragments, how it sank and darkened to rise and burst and fall again and again.

The clouds of steam which shot out of that Titan's battery, now scanty, now copious, now white, now black, whirling, twisting, weltering, mingling, amassing, expanding, unfurling, and dispersing, filled the old crater, swept round the eruptive cones, curled over the edge of the *Sciara*, and then soared high up into the air, glittering and vanishing in the blazing sunshine. I stared with wonder and delight at these mist-fairies dancing with ceaseless change within the enchanted circle of the crater till I was dizzy.

The attraction of the abyss is terrible, irresistible. Empedoklès, the wonderful teacher of Akragas, plunged into the furnace of Etna, and nobody knew it till the burning mountain threw up one of the prophet's brazen shoes.

We sat a long time on the sand eating grapes, whilst the dust from the crater poured over us in a slow and silent rain of minute crystals of augite, felspar, magnetite, and olivine that coated our eyebrows and beards, filled our pockets, and drifted down our necks. One large crystal fell so sharply on the back of my left hand, that it made it bleed.

A steep ash-slope extended from the upper edge of the crater to the feet of the active cones. It was strewn with the smoking scorïæ which the cones were continually ejecting. Anxious to get a nearer view, and having carefully planned my movements after the experience I had of volcanoes, I suddenly started down the precipitous slope, frightening my companions out of their wits. Arrived at the bottom, I found that Professor Sollas had followed me. He was running to the left into the very jaws of death. I yelled to him, "Don't go there, you will be killed." Then he came towards me, and I told him not to mind the four cones to the right, but to beware of the little spit-fire on the left. Meanwhile the rest of the party were calling to us to come back. A loud rumble echoed within the crater, and the earth shook as if about to open under our feet and plunge us in the depth below. "Don't run away," I said to Sollas, "but look up at the falling stones, and may God have mercy on us." The cone on the left went off like a mortar, but a mortar with a mouth fifty yards across, and not one, but hundreds of shells streamed up into the sky. One glance at this and then upwards into the air. Down plunged the ragged fragments of half-cooled lava from a height of two hundred feet or more. One large mass fell between us, almost grazing Sollas's arm. You can see it now under a glass case in Trinity College Museum. "Look out!" shouted our friends from above; for the scorïæ had fallen above and behind us, and were now rolling and bouncing down the loose, steep ash-slope. It must have been a ludicrous sight to see us as we hopped, skipped, and jumped out of this avalanche, while all the time fine sand and lapilli drove down upon us like a shower of hail. It was over at last, and we ran as hard as we could up the face of the slope lest another explosion should catch us on the way. We received hearty congratulations from our companions; it was something to have passed unscathed through the volcanic fires.

We saw none of those gorgeous sublimations which usually gather in red, green, and bright yellow patches round the fumaroles of lava streams and exhausted craters; but we found

long, fine threads of a dark olive colour scattered over the scorïæ like spiders' webs. They were of glass and exceedingly brittle; a volcanic glass spun out of the molten lava as it whirled through the air. Such like filaments are very common at Kilauea, the great lake-volcano of Hawaii, where they are called Pele's hair, after the name of the goddess who was once believed to dwell in that crater.

We also found crystals of pyroxene in countless numbers round the crater, often in beautiful stellated groups or other combinations. They had fallen out of the lava fragments in which they were enclosed at the time of explosion.

Then we descended to the shore on the east side of the cone by the *Portella delle Croci*, a small platform so called because of a heap of scorïæ in which the peasants stick long crosses of bamboo to keep off the demons that haunt the mountain-top. Here the ground was strewn with volcanic bombs—round or elliptical pieces of lava which, having been ejected in a molten state, had acquired their shape from rapid rotation in the air. G. Platania found one which had a spiral form as regular as that of a murex shell.

From the *Portella delle Croci* our route was down the *Grande Arena*, a precipitous slope of fine volcanic sand, into which we sank at every step ankle or even knee deep; then we went down an old rusty lava stream which looked just like ill-made steps, with deep cracks between the stones and ledges, and at length we reached the cultivated zone and picked luscious green figs which hung in thousands upon the trees. The steamer had been brought round to meet us, and we swam off to her, leaving our clothes to be brought on by the boat. Wrapped in sheets, we sat down to dinner, and as evening came on we steamed round to the northern side of the island, opposite the *Sciara*. There we lay to, or stood out and in, the captain shouting orders all the time because there is no anchorage on this side of the island, the depth being profound.

To describe what we saw one should write like a god. From the summit of Stromboli a great cloud of fire soared high into the sky, while the eruptive cones fired into its very heart huge volleys of red-hot stones. The lava flowing from the western crater mingled with the pouring scorïæ and rushed down the *Sciara* in avalanches of red blazing rock, so that the whole mountain seemed one burning pile. The crater roared and thundered as it spouted its fiery fountains; the lava splattered and hissed as it plunged into the foaming surf. The grandest display of fireworks, the burning of a city, the bursting of a thousand mines, would be but poor in comparison with this vast, stupendous natural illumination which flashed between a glorious sky and a glorious sea.



THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

SIR JASPER'S HEIR.



SYBIL.

I.

"GIRLS, your Uncle Jasper wants one of you to go and spend Christmas with him," said mother, looking up from her letters one bright December morning.

We were spoilt children—a widow's daughters often are—and we expressed our astonishment in various ways, which were more forcible than elegant. I threw myself back in my chair with a despairing wave of my hand, which upset my cup of coffee, Sybil made a most forbidding grimace, and Dorothy indulged in a long, soft whistle.

"Girls!" remonstrated mother gently. "Sybil, Dorothy, how can you?"

"Very easily, mother dear," answered Dorothy pertly; "just try; I think even you could do it if you were to give your mind to it. And if you wish to scold one of us, speak to Hester. Do look!—a whole cup of strong coffee on your clean cloth. Such waste and destruction and impertinence to her revered uncle all 'at one fell swoop,' as Macbeth or Macduff or one of those old johnnies puts it—and she the eldest of us all."

"Dorothy, be quiet," said mother, laughing in spite of herself, "and ring for Stephens to wipe up the coffee."

Dorothy obeyed, nearly upsetting her own cup as she sprang from her chair, and then subsiding into an absurd attitude of mock penitence. She was fifteen, a thin, long-limbed

awkward girl, with a quaintly attractive face which did not possess a regular feature, large laughing eyes of a greenish hazel, a decidedly "tip-tilted" nose which she was in the habit of describing as "poetical," and a quantity of fair hair. I was twenty-two, small, slight, shy, insignificant, with brown eyes, a pale complexion, and hair of no particular colour. Sybil was just twenty, and was the beauty of the family; she was not quite as tall as Dorothy, and perfectly graceful; her hair was a warm chestnut brown, and her small oval face, with its delicate features and clear bright complexion, would have been sufficiently attractive even without the sweet grey eyes with their dark brows and lashes which she had inherited from an Irish great-great-grandmother, and which were her greatest charm.

"Mother," she said, when Stephens, the parlour-maid who had lived with us nearly twenty years, had wiped up the coffee with an air of extreme severity, and, after casting a disapproving glance at Dorothy, who, from past experience, she supposed was the offender, had left the room—"mother, you will write and say neither of us can go. It would be too dreadful to be away at Christmas, and especially to be there."

Mother hesitated, and looked at each of us before she spoke. "I shall not like it at all, Sybil," she said, "but I am afraid it will have to be."

"Oh, mother!" in various tones of horror and remonstrance from all three.

"Yes, dears, I mean it. Your uncle says he is growing old."

"That's true," interpolated Dorothy.

"That is no reason," said Sybil hotly. "Because a man has lived to be seventy or eighty, and been as horrid as he knew how to be all the time, and because he happens to have a heap of money, I don't see why he should rule every branch of the family."

"And he intimates," went on mother, without heeding Sybil's words, "that he intends to leave his property to one, or to all, of you girls, and therefore he wishes to get to know you."

"Well, I think that makes it more horrid still," said Sybil; "does he never mean to forgive poor Phil and Jessica?"

"I fear not," answered mother sadly, "and that is partly why I want one of you to go, because if you do not, it will do Philip no good—your uncle will only leave his money to some one else, perhaps out of the family altogether; while if you please him, there is just a chance that we may be able to help Philip in the future."

"Well, if you wish it of course it must be," said Sybil, "but I must say I am very sorry for Hester."

"For me!" I exclaimed in wonder, for the thought of my being the one to go had never entered my head.

"Yes, you," said Sybil, laughing at my distressed face and stooping to caress her little Skye terrier, Roy. "You are the eldest, and, as old nurse always used to say to us, 'eldest first, my dears.'"

"Only it never was Hester first," remarked Dorothy, "but almost always Sybil in spite of nurse."

I turned to mother in despair. Sybil and Dorothy might laugh and joke, but it was in truth no laughing matter to me.

"Mother, I can't," I protested. "I shall be so frightened I shall do something stupid and make him so angry you will wish you had not made me go."

"My dear Hester, do not be so foolish. If you were seven years old I might listen to you, but you are a woman, and surely you can pay a visit to an old uncle without all these terrors. You will find him by no means an ogre, I can assure you, but a very stately old gentleman."

"Let me go too, mother," suggested Sybil; "write and ask if we may come together. Hester will keep me in order, and the effort of doing so will keep her from feeling frightened."

Mother hesitated a moment and looked at Sybil's pretty face very earnestly, as though she were studying it feature by feature.

"I don't know about that," she began doubtfully, but I interrupted her.

"No, of course we cannot do that," I cried; "it would leave mother with only Dorothy at Christmas. You must stay with her, Sybil. I dare say it will not be as bad as I expect."

"Only Dorothy indeed!" retorted that young person with a toss of her head. "I assure you I am very good company, Miss Hester, when I

am not weighed down by my two elder sisters. Mother and I will have the jolliest time, won't we, dear?"

"I was not thinking about that," went on mother, answering my remonstrance and ignoring Dorothy's nonsense, "and on the whole perhaps Sybil's is a good suggestion. At any rate, I will write and ask your uncle."

"And you don't really mind being left, mother?"

"Of course I 'mind,' dear, but Dorothy and I will be as happy as we can, and I am convinced that it is best for you to go."

Mother wrote, and the answer was favourable. Uncle Jasper would be pleased to see us both, and we were to go on the earliest convenient day.

II.

Sir Jasper Raby was our father's brother, his senior by many years, and had been the bogie of our childhood. Though we were comparatively poor and he was very rich, he had never offered any help to his brother's widow, had never even inquired whether her means were sufficient to suitably maintain and educate her fatherless children. Not even the most trifling present had ever come to our home from Raby Keep, and until now none of us had ever been invited to visit him. There had, however, been visits on the other side, and Sybil and I could both remember a tall, handsome, merry boy, our cousin Philip Raby, who had been sent to a school near us, who spent all his half-holidays at our house, and who completely won the hearts of his tiny girl-cousins by his gentle, kindly manners. His mother had died at his birth, he had neither brother nor sister, and though his father idolised him, yet he found our bright little home a happy change from the lonely grandeur of Raby Keep. During Philip's absence at school his father adopted Jessica Raby, the orphan daughter of a poor cousin of his own, a remarkably pretty child, two or three years younger than Philip. From the very first he had determined the fate of each. Philip was to marry the only daughter of a neighbouring squire whose estate adjoined Raby, and thus the two properties were to be united. Jessica was to marry the son of Uncle Jasper's old friend the rector of the parish, who was in due time to take his father's place. No one could make him believe that the young people were likely to frustrate his plans, and when, six months after he left college, Philip declared his intention of marrying Jessica, his father's anger knew no bounds. He had treated both his son and his ward with extreme indulgence up to this time, and now his peremptory commands, his threats and remonstrances, were all alike of no avail; finally Philip and Jessica left the Keep together, went to the house of a lady who had been her governess, and were married from there. That event had taken place ten years before this visit of ours, and the quarrel

between father and son had never been made up.

"Mother," I said, the evening before we left, "are you *quite* sure you do not mind parting with two of us at once?"

Mother looked down into my face with a smile. We were alone in her little sitting-room; she was resting in a low chair by the fire, while I sat on the rug at her feet. The flickering firelight lit up the pretty, homely room, which was principally furnished with presents from her children and most intimate friends, and shone with a pleasant ruddy glow on mother's sweet face and slight figure, brightening the soft brown of her hair, and sparkling in the diamonds on her slender fingers.

"Of course I mind, Hester," she said; "I have told you that before. I am never so

afraid you have a mental reservation that makes what you say true in your sense, and yet not quite so true in mine," and I drew her head down and kissed her.

"Am I such a Jesuitical person, Hester? Well, I will tell you the honest truth, dear. I hesitated about letting Sybil go, not because I should miss her, but because I was not sure whether it would be wise to send her to the Keep at all."

"Why, mother? Sybil won't say wild things to Uncle Jasper such as she says about him."

"No, it was not Sybil's tongue I was afraid of, though it is so random; I think she may be trusted. It was—— No, I won't explain to you, Hetty; you will probably find out for yourself, before you have been long at the Keep,



A FAMILY TALK.

happy as when I have my three girls with me; but I wish you to go, and I do not mean to spend the time of your absence sorrowfully. We intend to be happy, Dorothy and I. Why do you ask me again, Hetty, and what does that little anxious pucker between your eyes mean, girlie?"

"Is it there again?" I asked, passing my hand across my brow, for this said little frown was an old enemy of mine. "It has rather worried me, mother—whether two of us ought to go, I mean; because the first time I asked you about it, you hesitated as if you did not wish Sybil to go, and then I was afraid you had given in just because I was a coward. You are so good to us, mother, I never can trust you quite when you say you are willing. I am always

that there is something about Sybil which will either be a help to her or a hindrance in winning your uncle's favour. It is just how he takes it; she may be the most suitable of the three, or the least."

"Won't you tell me why, mother?"

"No, dear, it will be better for you not to know. If when you get there you find Sybil's presence undesirable, write to me and I can easily recall her. And another thing, Hester, do not mention Philip and Jessica unless your uncle names them first, especially Jessica."

"Was Uncle Jasper very fond of her, mother?"

"He loved her better than he ever loved anybody, excepting her mother."

"More than Philip?"

"Yes. Jessica's mother, Agnes Micklethwaite, was his first love, and it was a terrible blow to him when she preferred his cousin, Ralph Raby. He became engaged to the daughter of a neighbouring squire almost immediately, and endeavoured to act as though he did not care, but he was never the same afterwards. Agnes and he were cousins and had been almost like brother and sister, but he never saw her after her marriage. She and her husband died, within a fortnight of each other, of fever, when Jessica was about twelve years old, and then he sent for the child and treated her as though she had been his own. Be good to your uncle, Hetty; his has not been a very happy life."

"It might have been," I said, "if he had been more forgiving."

"Yes, but I think there is an 'if' of that sort in most of our lives, dear, only other people generally see it more plainly than we do."

"I say," cried Dorothy, bursting into the room, "you might come and sit downstairs this last evening. How solemn you look, Hester. Has mother been scolding you?"

"Only giving her a few hints as to her behaviour at Raby Keep," said mother, laughing, as she rose from her low chair. "Come, dears, we will go down to Sybil."

III.

We left home for Raby Keep a fortnight before Christmas, and in the afternoon just at dusk Sybil and I arrived at the little wayside station nearest to it, and found an old-fashioned barouche and pair awaiting us, with a stout old coachman half asleep on the box, and a thin old footman very alert on the platform. It was a long drive through dim snowy lanes to the hall, and I was growing very sleepy when Sybil gave me a rousing shake, and sitting up I found we had driven through a pair of large iron gates, past an ancient ivy-covered lodge, and were going slowly up a fine old avenue which went perfectly straight for nearly a mile from the gates to the house.

"It looks very old," said Sybil, peering out into the shadowy park of which we caught glimpses between the trees. "Oh, Hester, do you suppose there will be a ghost?"

"Don't!" I cried, shrinking back into my corner in terror lest I should see a grey lady or a headless horseman in the drive beside us. "How can you frighten me so?" Sybil laughed.

"You are so easily frightened. Now I should rather enjoy a few ghosts. If I see any I will ask them to keep away from you. Here we are at last. It *does* look a ghostly house! Come along, Hester, prepare to face the ogre. I think he is worse than ghosts."

We stepped out of the carriage, which had stopped under an immense porch, and going up a flight of wide shallow steps found ourselves in a large lofty hall paved with squares of black and white marble, from which a door covered with crimson cloth led us into an inner hall,

softly carpeted, and warmed by a blazing fire of logs.

There we were received, I cannot say welcomed, by a spare elderly woman, who introduced herself as Mrs. Inskip, our uncle's housekeeper, and who looked as though she was extremely sorry to see us.

"Sir Jasper dines at seven, young ladies," she said, "but tea is ready in the morning-room, and perhaps you would like to have it before you go upstairs."

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Sybil eagerly, "we are cold and tired, and tea will be delightful."

We lingered long over the fire and our tea, and then went upstairs to a large grand bedroom, with tapestry on the walls and a four-post bed nearly as big as our room at home, where we found our boxes unpacked, our dinner dresses laid ready on the bed, and a rosy smiling young maid waiting to help us to dress.

"Mrs. Inskip did not know whether you would rather be together or not, ma'am," she said; "I was to ask you what you would like. There is a dressing-room here," opening the door of communication as she spoke, "or the blue room, a little farther along the corridor, is quite ready for use."

"We would rather be together, wouldn't we, Hester?" said Sybil; "that bed and all this tapestry are too imposing to be left alone with," and it is hardly necessary to say that I quite agreed with her.

IV.

We went downstairs and were shown into the drawing-room, a beautiful old room lit by a number of wax candles in silver sconces, and, as Sybil said, only wanting a mistress to make it perfect.

"Just a little less stiffness, Hetty, a few trifles like work-baskets and new magazines scattered about. Oh, and some flowers! I will see what I can do to-morrow. I wonder if the gardener is cross. This brocade is exquisite, and just look at the old china."

I stood nervously on the rug before a glorious fire which was burning on the wide hearth, and watched her as she tripped round the room, looking at the pictures and ornaments, until at last she called me to see a miniature which hung in a recess opposite one of the windows.

"Who is this, I wonder?" she exclaimed; "just look, Hetty. Isn't she sweet?"

"Phil's mother," I said at once, as I recognised the oval face, the large dark eyes and delicate arched brows, the waving hair exactly matching the eyes in colour, and the prettily curved lips. It was the face of the boy Philip as I remembered it, only Phil's face had been a merry one, and this was sad and wistful; the lips had a pathetic droop, and the eyes had the lonely, pleading look so often seen in the eyes of a faithful dog. Did she know, I wondered, that her husband had only married her out of pique? Had those sweet eyes discovered

that there was but little love for her in her new home?

"Poor little Aunt Phyllis!" I said; "that was painted the year she was married—see, the date is on the frame—and the following year she died."

"She is very pretty," said Sybil, "and the sad look makes her even prettier. I wonder if she was happy."

She wandered away to look at something else, but I had found another miniature which explained to me why my mother had said that Sybil's face would either be a help or a hindrance to her in winning our uncle's favour, for this miniature might have been painted from Sybil herself—there was the same bright curly hair, the same delicate colouring, the same wonderful Irish eyes, and above all the very same gay witching glance and smile. I did not know whether it was Agnes Micklethwaite or her daughter Jessica, but in any case I did not wish to be found looking at it, so I moved hastily away as I heard footsteps in the hall, and the door was thrown open to admit our uncle.

"Well, young ladies," said a clear, rather high-pitched voice; and going to meet him we saw, not at all the typical cruel uncle, but a decidedly attractive old gentleman, tall, aristocratic and dignified, attired in faultless evening dress. In figure he was spare and active, his face was handsome, with a fresh complexion, keen steel-blue eyes, closely cut snowy hair, and a short pointed white beard. As he met us then it was a kindly face; only the firm lips and chin indicated the character by which we knew him; but there was deep-seated sorrow in the eyes, almost as much so as in the painted eyes of his young wife, and a pathetic note in the welcoming voice.

"I am glad to see you," he said with old-fashioned courtesy. "I hope Mrs. Inskip made you comfortable, and explained that when you arrived I was taking needful rest after an unusually fatiguing day. Which is Hester? My dear, you are like your mother," and he bent to kiss my forehead.

"And who am I like?" was Sybil's unlucky question, as she raised her pretty eyes to meet a look of mingled pain and dislike, such as she had never seen before.

For a moment he hesitated, turning aside as though he could neither look at nor answer her, but as she laid her hand on his arm, with an effort he replied shortly, "You are a Raby," suffered her to kiss his cheek, and then offered me his arm, saying:

"I am sorry I have no squire for you, Sybil."

"Never mind," said Sybil lightly, and we went in to dinner.

Our life at Raby was very quiet, and yet not without a species of excitement. We did not see much of our uncle except at meal-times and in the evening, and then his manner to me was uniformly kind and gentle, so that had it not

been for Sybil I should soon have lost my fear of him; but I was always in terror as to the effect her appearance might have upon him. As a rule, he took very little notice of her; her likeness to his cousin Agnes and to Jessica made him wish to dislike her, but at the same time it awoke the old love, and I used to see him furtively looking at her face with hungry eyes behind a sheltering hand, while sometimes a tone in her voice, or a careless touch of her fingers on his arm, would shake him almost out of his reserve towards her.

"Why does Uncle Jasper dislike me so, Hetty?" she asked me one night, when we had dismissed Dorcas and were alone in our room. "If he is so cross I will go home," and she brushed her long hair viciously.

I laughed. "Why, Sybil, how blind you are. He likes you a hundred times more than he likes me."

"He has a funny way of showing it, then," grumbled Sybil; "he never looks at me without saying something horrid, and I can never do anything to please him."

"And yet he is always looking at you. Don't you know why he loves you and snaps at you, Sybil?"

"No."

"It is because you are exactly like Jessica and Jessica's mother. He loved them, so he loves you. He has never forgiven either of them, so the sight of you annoys him."

Sybil stared. "How do you know?" she said. "You have never seen Jessica."

"No, but mother said before we came that there was something about you that would please or vex Uncle Jasper. She would not tell me what it was, but I very soon found out. Haven't you seen that miniature in the drawing-room opposite the one of Aunt Phyllis?"

"No. Whose is it?"

"It might be yours," I said, "it is much more like you than your last photograph. I felt sure it must be either Jessica or her mother, so I asked old Barnes, and he said it was painted from Miss Agnes Micklethwaite a year before she married her cousin Ralph Raby; but that it would do equally well for Miss Jessica just before she ran away with Mr. Philip. So then I knew all about it."

Sybil smiled. She had heard quite often enough of Jessica's beauty to know that this explanation was a compliment, and she had sufficient vanity to be pleased. It amused me afterwards to observe how sweetly she received Uncle Raby's sharp speeches.

VI.

The next morning, when we were sitting at work in the little breakfast-room where we usually spent our mornings, we heard our uncle's step in the hall, and presently he came in.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," he said; "why do you sit in this poky hole?"

Sybil looked up in wonder. We rarely saw him indoors in the morning.

"Why, where should we sit, uncle?" she asked. "The drawing-room is so large we feel lost, and the library——"

"Nonsense," he interrupted her; "I'll tell you where," and he rang the bell loudly.

"Why are the young ladies sitting here?" he asked testily when the man came in.

"I do not know, sir. Mrs. Inskip said——"

"Inskip knows better. Send her here."

Evidently something had made Sir Jasper very cross.

Mrs. Inskip came, and appeared strangely confused by her master's question.

"Why have you not put the young ladies to sit in the yellow boudoir?"

"I do not know, sir," she faltered; "I thought this is more—this is larger—and——"

"You thought nothing of the kind," he thundered, making me really sorry for the poor scared woman. "It is some pettifogging nonsensical fancy of your own. Have it made ready for them to-day. And what bedrooms have you given them?"

"The tapestry room, sir. The blue room was prepared also, but the young ladies preferred to be together."

"I thought as much. The ebony room is to be ready for them to-night."

"Very well, sir," and the housekeeper left the room with an expression of mingled fear and sorrow for which I could not account.

"Need we change our rooms, uncle?" I ventured to ask; "it will give a good deal of trouble, and the ones we have are very comfortable."

"You will do as I wish," he answered sharply, and I dared remonstrate no further.

VII.

We were delighted with our new rooms when we saw them. The boudoir was a charming room, octagonal in shape, with four diamond-framed windows, delicious cushioned window-seats, and a beautiful painted ceiling; the furniture was ebony and yellow satin, and the high carved mantel-shelf and numerous quaint cabinets and corner cupboards were crowded with valuable china and curiosities. The bedroom was furnished to match, and though smaller and less grand than the tapestry room was very much more according to our taste. There was a little dressing-room adjoining which had an exquisite view from its oriel window, and which Dorcas called the Oratory. We were examining the contents of one of the cupboards in the boudoir when we heard a tap at the door, and Mrs. Inskip entered.

"I wanted to speak to you, young ladies," she said. "I had my reasons for not showing you these rooms, but——"

"Oh, never mind," said Sybil pleasantly, "do not trouble about that. These are lovely rooms, but we were quite comfortable in the others. We told Uncle Jasper so."

"It is not that, Miss Sybil," said the housekeeper solemnly. "I thought you would be better away from these rooms, but Sir Jasper has his own notions, and when he makes up his mind he won't listen to anybody. But what I wanted to say is this—do not be frightened if you hear any noises in these rooms, and, above all, do not mention them to the squire."

"Noises!" Sybil looked at the woman and the pretty colour faded in her cheeks. "What noises? And why are we not to mention it to my uncle?"

Mrs. Inskip nervously fingered her black silk apron and hesitated.

"I can't exactly tell you, Miss Sybil, but there have been noises heard in these rooms. The squire he won't believe as there is anything in it, and he has forbidden it to be spoken of, so if you were to name it he would likely be very angry."

"But what are we likely to hear?" I asked.

"Have you ever heard anything, Mrs. Inskip?"

"I can't say I have myself. I don't often come into these rooms at night," said the woman. "But sounds have been heard," she persisted, and I thought a gleam of cruel satisfaction came into her eyes as she looked at Sybil's frightened face. She was turning to leave the room, but Sybil caught hold of her arm.

"No, Mrs. Inskip," she said, "now you have told us so much, you must tell us all. What are the sounds that have been heard in these rooms, and what do they mean? If you will not speak I shall go at once to Sir Jasper."

It was the housekeeper's turn to look frightened now.

"Don't do that, don't do that, Miss Sybil," she cried, clasping her hands in entreaty; "he would be so angry you would never forget it. If you will know, I must tell you, but I would rather you had not made me. They say it is a spirit that is heard here, and——"

"A spirit!" interrupted Sybil—"do you mean a ghost?"

"Yes, miss."

"Whose ghost? Tell me everything. What is it like?"

"No one has ever seen anything," said Mrs. Inskip, "they only hear it. It is the sound of a child crying."

"Well?"

"They say that many years ago a squire of Raby was left a widower with one little child. Within a year he married again, a proud French madam. At first she took no notice of the child, but when her own son was born she hated the other one because he was the heir, and they say she shut him up in one of these rooms and neglected him till he died."

"And it is his spirit that cries?"

"Yes, miss. Some people say she had him hidden away under the floor and did not give him Christian burial, and that is why his spirit cannot rest. And others say it is because he had not been baptized; but however it may be,

sometimes he is heard sobbing and moaning, and they say the sound is enough to break your heart."

"Does Uncle Jasper know?" I asked.

"He has heard about it, Miss Raby, but he can't bear any talk of ghosts or spirits, and he is very angry if the subject is mentioned."

Sybil declared she should lie awake all night,

which chiefly consisted of novels by Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, Sir Walter Scott, and Miss Porter, in which the name of Agnes Micklethwaite was written, we found also a few more modern books which had belonged to Jessica Raby.

"Poor Jessica," I said, turning over the pages of a pretty edition of Wordsworth, "I



THERE CAME TO THEIR TERRIFIED EARS A PITIFUL WAILING.

but she was asleep in half an hour and no sound disturbed us.

For two days we heard nothing. Sybil recovered her spirits and began to laugh at the housekeeper's tale, which she declared had been made up to frighten us. The boudoir was a most charming sitting-room, and in turning over the contents of the low ebony bookshelf,

was talking to Mrs. Inskip about her yesterday, and, do you know, she was so fond of her?"

Sybil laughed. "Disagreeable old thing! I should not have thought she was fond of anyone."

"I do not dislike her, Sybil. For some reason she did not like our coming here, and still less our having these rooms, but I am sure she is

very faithful. She has a good face, only she looks so anxious and worried."

"Perhaps she thinks we have come here to supplant Philip and Jessica," said Sybil, "and she is about right, only it is not our fault. It is a shame. If he was so fond of Jessica, why did he not want Phil to marry her?"

"Because he had wanted to marry her mother. They had all been brought up together, the three cousins, Uncle Jasper, Ralph Raby, and Agnes Micklethwaite, and it was a dreadful blow to Uncle Jasper when Agnes preferred Ralph. I believe after Jessica was born Ralph said one day that the two children Philip and Jessica would put things straight, and join the two families when they grew up. Uncle Jasper heard it and declared no child of Ralph Raby's should be mistress of the Keep. Sybil, what is that?"

Sybil sprang up, the colour fading from her face, and grasped the back of a chair with trembling fingers. It had grown dusk while we had been talking, and through the dimness and silence there came to our terrified ears the pitiful wailing cry of a little child. It lasted perhaps five minutes, though it seemed much longer, as we stood facing each other, too frightened to move or speak. Then it suddenly ceased.

I think we were both too terrified to talk about it. I know I was; it seemed as though speaking would make the dread I felt more real; and Sybil said nothing, but rang the bell and asked Dorcas to bring lights.

Scarcely a day passed after that without our hearing that low wailing cry at some time, generally in the twilight after tea. Three or four times we were awoken by it in the night, and then it sounded inexpressibly sorrowful. As Mrs. Inskip had said, it was "enough to break your heart," for it was evidently the cry of a little child in great suffering or trouble.

I hardly knew what to do. A hint that we would like to return to the tapestry room had made Uncle Jasper so angry that I dared say no more about it; but Sybil's disturbed nights and anxious days were making her so pale and nervous that I was afraid she would be really ill. As for me, I did not like the sound, it depressed me, greatly, but after the first I was not really frightened.

Christmas-day was drawing near, and Uncle Jasper had told us that on that day the rector would dine with us, as well as the doctor and his wife, and the family solicitor, in order that he might introduce his heiress to them.

It was three nights before Christmas, and we were sitting by our bedroom fire.

"I sha'n't go to bed," said Sybil, as she lay back in her chair with pale cheeks and tired eyes; "it is of no use. I keep waiting and listening for that weary cry, and cannot go to sleep. I shall sit here and read. You go to bed, Hetty."

I looked at her anxiously. "I wish you would go home to-morrow, Sybil. I could easily make some excuse for you."

"No, I shall stay and see the play out," she said; "I must be here when the heiress is presented. I only hope it won't be me. I wish this whole property had been entailed, and then it must have gone to Phil."

"We shall not be here much longer," I tried to console her by saying. "Mother said in her last letter that she would like us to come home before the New Year, so we shall very likely be at home a week to-day."

Sybil clasped her hands above her head. "It seems years since we were at home," she said; "sometimes I think we never shall get away from here again. I wish—oh, Hetty," she broke off, "there is that weary cry again!"

We sat for a minute listening in silence, and then a sudden thought came to me. I got up, went to the side of the room whence the sound seemed to come, put my ear against the high wainscot and listened intently.

"Sybil, where does that door lead to?"

"Into a closet," replied Sybil in a muffled voice, for she was huddled up on the sofa with her face buried in a cushion; "it is locked. Mrs. Inskip said it was full of old books."

I shook the door in vain, then I tried the key of the room door, also vainly; then I remembered there was a similar cupboard in the boudoir, so I fetched the key that was in its lock, and to my great relief it appeared to fit. I could not turn it at first as the lock was stiff, but after trying patiently for a minute or two it yielded to pressure and the door opened. Inside I found a large closet with shelves piled with old musty-looking books, as well as a few pegs for hanging dresses on; but it appeared to be also a passage to another room, for there was a second door at the other end, and underneath this I saw a light shining. The crying, which had ceased for a minute, began again and sounded much louder. It did not strike me that it was ghostly crying. "Sybil," I said, "I believe there is a real child inside here. I am going to see."

Sybil sprang from the sofa, followed me into the cupboard, and seized my arm.

She tried to hold me back, but I drew her with me to the farther door. As we stood beside it, we could hear not only the child's cry, but words sobbed out also:

"Mother, mother, me wants mother."

"There," I said, "that is no ghost, I am sure. I mean to find out all about it. Come on."

The door was locked, of course, but our key fitted it. Like the other, it was stiff from want of use, but a violent jerk did it; the door flew back and we found ourselves in a large, lofty room, comfortably furnished as a nursery. A good fire burned in the grate, and a shaded lamp shed a soft light around. There was a bed in one corner of the room, and beside it a child's cot, on which a little child of perhaps four years old sat crying piteously. We had no time to notice more, for, startled by the sound of the opening door, the child looked up. As he saw Sybil a glad light lit up the tear-

ful eyes, and he stretched out two eager little arms with a joyful cry—

"Mother, mother!"

Full of wonder, Sybil went over to the cot and received a suffocating embrace and a perfect torrent of kisses, while the child broke out again into excited sobbing. He was still



"MOTHER! MOTHER!"

clinging to her, with small trembling hands, and she was trying to soothe him, when the door opened and Mrs. Inskip came in.

"Now, Master Jasper, you must be a good boy and go to sleep," she began; "you must not cry and— Why, Miss Raby!"

Sybil lifted the little boy in her arms, and turned to face her with the curly head nestling on her shoulder,

"So this is your ghost, Mrs. Inskip," she said, "and I should very much like to know who he is."

"That is easily seen if you look at his face," I interposed. "He is Jessica's child, I am sure. But why is he here?"

The child was falling asleep in Sybil's arms, so she gently laid him in his cot, and then as we sat by the fire the housekeeper told us all the story. How one evening, a few days before our arrival, Philip had come secretly to his father's house bringing his little son. He was poor, he said; he had appealed to his father for help in vain. They were living in small uncomfortable lodgings in London, and little Jasper, who was a delicate child, was fading away for lack of fresh air, and the luxuries he could not give him. Three of his children had already died, and only this boy and one little girl were left. He begged the housekeeper to hide the child in some corner of the old house, and to try to nurse him back to health and strength. Mrs. Inskip, who loved both Philip and

Jessica fondly, was only too glad to undertake the task, and it was all the more easy because the old nurseries were far away from the rooms used by Sir Jasper. All had gone well until he insisted on our having the rooms which adjoined the nurseries, and then, as Jasper frequently cried and fretted for his mother, there seemed no way of concealing his presence from us.

"I did not know what to do," she said; "as soon as I knew you were coming I feared there might be trouble."

"So that was why you gave us such scant welcome," said Sybil, laying her hand gently on the arm of the faithful old servant; "I understand now."

"Yes, Miss Sybil, I was so worried I hardly knew what to do, but I hoped if you kept at the other end of the house it would be all right. Then I remembered the old story of the crying child and I told you that."

"Hoping to frighten us back to the tapestry room," said I.

"Perhaps I did hope that, Miss Hester; but at any rate I thought it would keep you from discovering the truth."

"Does anyone know except you?" asked Sybil.

"Barnes knows, of course. The other servants think the child is a connection of mine. I sleep here with him and stay with him as much as I can, and when I am obliged to go down Barnes generally comes up. I left him asleep just now, as I had to go and see one of the housemaids who has sprained her ankle."

"And now you want to go to bed," said I, getting up. "Come, Sybil, it is very late indeed. I hope your little man will sleep quietly to night, Mrs. Inskip, for your sake."

"He is sleeping sweetly now," replied the housekeeper. "You see he took Miss Sybil for his mother, and that satisfied him. We shall have a cry in the morning when he finds out his mistake."

Sybil slept well that night, and rose in the morning looking bright and well, quite another being from the pale nervous girl of the last few days. As soon as Uncle Raby had gone out we went to see little Jasper in the old day nursery, a quaintly furnished, sunny room, looking out on the Italian garden. He was a small, slender little creature, but in spite of his delicacy it was a winsome little face that turned to greet us. Sunny brown hair curled all over the small head and hung over the fair brow, wistful grey eyes shone beneath, and hair and eyes and sweet curved lips and delicate bloom were all the same as those in the miniature of Jessica in the drawing-room.

He looked eagerly at us as we entered, but, as Sybil bent to kiss him, the pretty eyes filled with tears, the red lips quivered.

"You not mother now," he said, in a sad little voice; "let mine mother come back again."

The pale, frightened Sybil of the night before was more like the child's dearest memory than the radiant vision of the morning; but Sybil

coaxed him to sit on her knee, and he was soon chatting to her in friendly fashion, and smiling as she showed him various wonderful things out of her pocket.

His name he told us was "Jasper Mickywaite Raby," but that was so long, daddy called him "Japs"; and then he told us about his father and mother, and his sister Phyllis, who was "very big," and knew how to read.

"And when I am very fat, daddy is going to fetch me home again," he said; "do you think I'm a little fat?" and he tried to pinch his little arms and hands.

"I think you soon will be," said Sybil, kissing him; "Cousin Sybil knows how to make this little boy very fat."

"Very soon?" asked Japs, looking up with big eyes.

"Very soon indeed. Almost immediately."

"Cousin Sybbie knows how to make me fat," he cried, as Mrs. Inskip came into the room. "She will make me as fat as Jacob almost immediately."

We all laughed, for Jacob, who was one of the gardeners, weighed about eighteen stone; but as Sybil remarked that the beginning of her plan was to take cod-liver oil without fretting, Japs swallowed his dose with meekness hitherto unheard of.

"I have a plan," said Sybil presently, when Jasper was busy making a house of cards as he sat on her knee. "Let us have the carriage this afternoon, Hetty. I have some shopping to do. Uncle Jasper's heir must be properly dressed to dine with him on Christmas-day."

"Oh, Sybil, do not do anything rash!"

"I have a plan," repeated Sybil, "and I am going to see if we may have the carriage."

We drove into town, and Sybil gave several mysterious orders, as well as buying dainty shoes and stockings, and a collection of toys and bonbons with which to make a merry Christmas for small Jasper. Uncle Jasper had given us each ten pounds for pocket-money soon after we came, and Sybil shook with amusement as she spent his money in this unexpected manner.

Christmas morning dawned bright and frosty, bringing us loving greetings from home and showers of kisses from Japs, who was enchanted with his laden stocking, and spent a very happy morning while we were at church, and a still happier afternoon when Sybil played with him while Uncle Jasper rested.

I had a bad quarter of an hour in the drawing-room before dinner. Sybil refused to tell me what her plan was, though I was sure it was connected with Japs, and she made me go down as soon as I was dressed, saying she would follow presently.

"Oh, do be quick, Sybil! Uncle Jasper is so cross when we are late! Why don't you come now?"

"I have something to do first. Run on, Hester. There is the bell. I expect Dr. and Mrs. Thorpe have come."

All the guests had arrived, the dinner hour

was fast approaching, but Sybil had not come down. I was trying to talk to the rector, Uncle Jasper was impatiently watching the door, and asking me for the third time, "Where is that sister of yours?" when the door was slowly opened and there entered, not Sybil, but a dainty little figure in a green velvet suit, silk stockings, and buckled shoes, who looked, with his bright love-locks and lace ruffles, as if he had stepped out of an old picture. For a minute he stood on the threshold with a perplexed, questioning look on his little face, while we were all too surprised to move or speak; then he said in a clear, high-pitched voice:

"Please I am Jasper Mickeywaite Raby. Where is mine grandfather?"

Still no one spoke. Uncle Jasper would not; he stared at the child with stony eyes. I think the rest of us dared not. I know that was my case.

"I am little Japs," said the child, looking from one to the other; "I want mine grandfather. I want to say 'A Merry Christmas' to him, and have mine dinner; Cousin Sybbie said I should."

Still there was no answer. Little Jasper's face clouded, his eyes filled with tears.

"Japs are frightened," he cried, lapsing into baby talk, as he often did when in trouble. "Nobody will speak to Japs." At that moment he caught sight of me, and smiling through his tears at seeing a friend, he set off to run to me, but caught his foot in Mrs. Thorpe's dress, and would have fallen had he not taken hold of the nearest support. This chanced to be Uncle Jasper's leg, which was tightly grasped by two small hands, while the beautiful eyes of his lost love looked up at him swimming in tears.

There was a moment's pause, and then some instinct prompted the child to say in a sobbing voice:

"A Merry Christmas, grandfather. May Japs have dinner with you?"

"Yes, if you will be a good boy and not cry," said Uncle Jasper in the most natural voice, as though his small grandson had been in the habit of dining with him constantly, and lifting the child in his arms he began to dry his eyes with his own handkerchief. This kind offer, however, Japs vigorously resisted.

"I got a handkerchief of mine own. Cousin Sybbie gave it me," he said, wriggling out of his grandfather's arms and extracting a minute square of cambric from a mysterious pocket, "and I wipe mine eyes myself."

"Isn't he a darling! And wasn't he dear and good?" asked Sybil, who had slipped in while we were all looking at the child; and Uncle Jasper only pinched her ear, and told her as she seemed to have invited an extra guest she had better go in to dinner with him herself, and then, with his usual old-world stately courtesy, he offered his arm with a bow to Mrs. Thorpe.

So we all went in to dinner, and had a merry time, for little Jasper, who sat at his grand-

father's side, and ate a dinner that, according to Mrs. Inskip, ought to have materially shortened his life, but which really did him no harm, kept us all amused with his quaint questions and remarks. He seemed to have no fear of his grandfather, but chatted to him with the prettiest confidence, and finally completed his conquest by laying his curly head on Uncle Jasper's arm and saying sweetly:

"Japs does love you very much."

When the ladies left the table Sybil came last, leading him by the hand. Uncle Jasper had risen himself to open the door, and as she passed out he laid his hand on her arm.

"I am afraid you are a short-sighted girl," he said; "do you want that little squire to spoil your chance?"

"If you please, Uncle Jasper," said Sybil softly, and for the first time unasked she lifted her face and kissed him.

Of course in the drawing-room we had to tell the whole story to Mrs. Thorpe, who warmly congratulated Sybil on the success of her plan.

"Everybody will be glad," she said, "for we all loved Philip and Jessica. But it was very brave of you. I wonder how you dared."

"I felt sure no one could resist him," said Sybil, "he is such a little dear! Fortunately, as I soon found out, he is not shy; and then his eyes are his mother's and grandmother's over again. But come, Japs, you must go to bed. The gentlemen will be coming in presently, and they must find you gone, young man."

Jasper, who was really half asleep, roused himself to say drowsily that he was "not a bit sleepy at all," but Sybil made him bid us good-night, and promised to take him to the nursery herself. As they crossed the inner hall the front door bell rang, and Barnes went to open it. At the same time Jasper saw that the dining-room door was open and, escaping from Sybil, ran towards it.

He came back in a moment clinging to his grandfather's hand, while the other gentlemen followed, just as a tall man in a thick great-coat came into the inner hall, followed by Barnes, who looked perturbed and at the same time pleased. Sybil, who stood on the stairs waiting for the child, waited quietly with a feeling that something was going to happen, and the little

procession came on from the dining-room, the child chattering gaily. Suddenly he saw the new arrival, and before Barnes could speak he gave a glad little cry and, still holding his grandfather's hand, darted forward.

"It's daddy! It's daddy!" he shouted, and in a minute he was caught up and held tight. Almost immediately, however, he turned round in his father's arms and held out his hand.

"It is mine daddy," he said with a beaming face; "he is come to have a merry Christmas too, grandfather."

Nobody saw any more than that. Sybil ran upstairs, the guests came quickly into the drawing-room and left the father and son together. How Japs was finally got to bed I do not exactly know. I think Mrs. Inskip, venturing in to look for him, found him fast asleep on the library sofa and carried him upstairs; at any rate, when Sybil and I went to visit him the last thing he was safe in his cot, and, wonderful to relate, next morning he appeared no worse for his exciting adventures.

It seemed that Philip had had business which brought him within a few miles of Raby on Christmas-eve, and longing to see his child, and possessed by the peaceful spirit of the season, he resolved to make one more effort to effect a reconciliation with his father, little dreaming at what a propitious moment he would make his entrance.

"And it is to you girls I owe my welcome largely," said Philip gratefully. "No, Hester, it was not all Sybil, though she was very brave and clever. My father tells me how your companionship has made him long for family life, and how struck he has been with your unselfish, disinterested pleasure in his reception of Japs."

We did not go home for the New Year. Uncle Jasper would not hear of it, but he sent for mother and Dorothy as well as for Jessica and little Phyllis, and for another fortnight we were the happiest possible party. We all fell in love with Jessica, who quite took her old place in Sir Jasper's affections, her greatest rival being her little daughter, the sweetest little grey-eyed maiden of eight. Jasper was loved much by his grandfather, and greatly prized as being the heir, but Phyllis was the very light of his eyes.

LENA TYACK.

Science and Discovery.



THE LINDEN WAVE-MOTOR BOAT, TRAVELLING AGAINST WIND AND WAVES BY MEANS OF FINS SUSPENDED BELOW THE WATER-LINE.

AN AUTOMATIC PROPELLER FOR BOATS.

By the kindness of Mr. R. T. Günther, M.A., two photographs of a boat fitted with an ingenious automatic propelling contrivance, invented by Mr. H. Linden, of Naples, are here reproduced. In front of the bow of the boat upon the stocks two horizontal fins directed backwards are clearly shown suspended from a rod. Two other fins of the same kind are arranged at the stern of the boat. The fins are constructed of flexible metal, such as brass or steel, and they form the only mechanism with which the boat is provided. On perfectly calm water the fins do not act,

and the boat remains stationary. But on water sufficiently agitated to cause the boat to pitch, they act as propellers, and drive the craft through the water, *against wind and waves*, with a velocity of about three miles an hour. The propelling force is entirely derived from the motion of the waves in this way. When the boat pitches the flexible fins become alternately bent by the resistance of the water. Their elasticity, however, soon makes them recover their original straight position, and in so doing they drive some of the water backwards and the boat forwards. The boat thus moves contrary to the direction of the fins, but it can be made to take any desired course



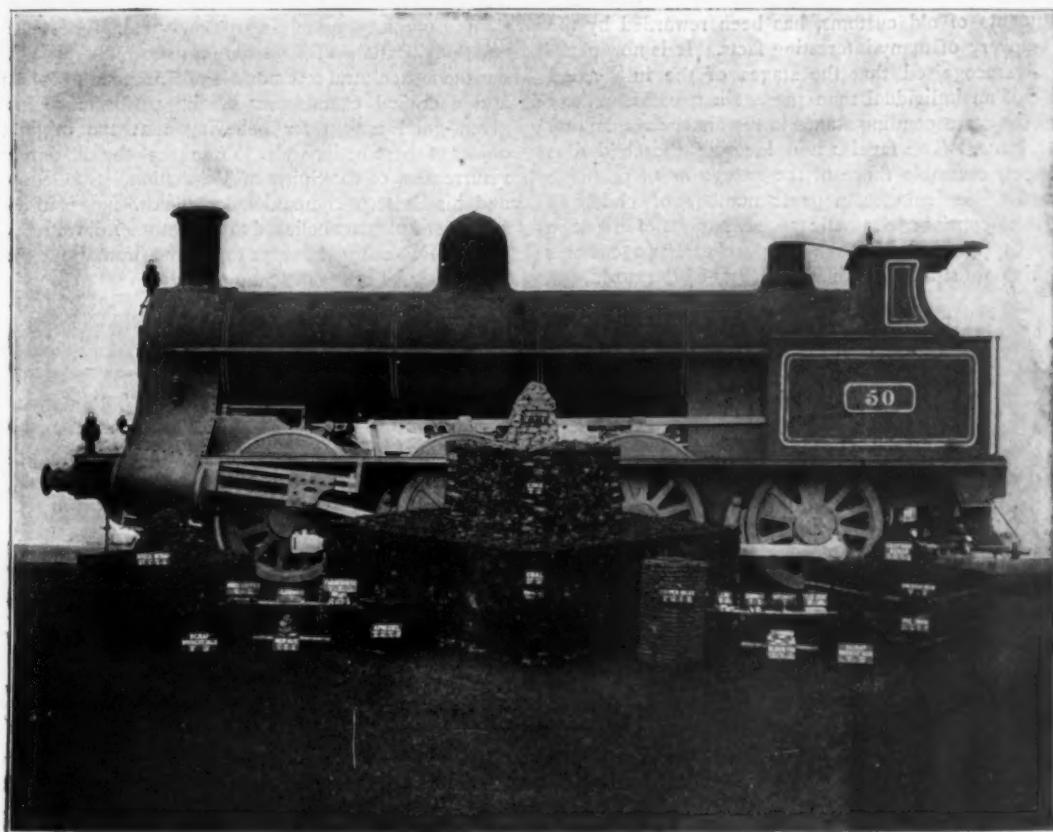
THE LINDEN WAVE-MOTOR BOAT, SHOWING THE FINS AT THE STEM AND STERN.

either by a rudder or by setting the fins obliquely. If the fins are set with their free ends pointing ahead, the boat will move astern. Mr. Linden has hitherto only applied his invention to boats not exceeding eighteen feet long, but the results have been so satisfactory that it will probably be adapted to larger vessels. It is certainly a very great convenience to be able to propel a boat against wind and waves without the assistance of any motive power other than that provided by the waves themselves.

RAW MATERIALS OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

A typical London and North-Western Railway locomotive, such as the one designed for mineral traffic,

Crewe, has had prepared, and it shows in a most instructive manner the relative proportions of the different substances employed in building the complicated mechanism. The coal, coke, and limestone shown in the centre of the picture are used in the metallurgical processes necessary for the extraction of the iron from its ores and its conversion into steel. It is unnecessary to refer to each of the other substances included in the group, but as instances of their use the parts played by the small quantities of manganese and chromium may be mentioned. By adding quantities of manganese up to five per cent. to molten iron in the casting ladle, the strength and ductility of the steel produced is greatly decreased, but beyond this proportion and up to fourteen per cent. of man-



A LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN LOCOMOTIVE, AND THE AMOUNT OF RAW MATERIALS USED IN ITS CONSTRUCTION.

	Tons cwt. qrs. lb.					Tons cwt. qrs. lb.			
Coal	57	10	0	0	Block tin	0	4	3	14
Steel scrap	28	2	3	15	Lead	0	0	2	27
Pig iron.	24	4	0	7	Tile zinc	0	0	2	20 1/2
Scrap, wrought-iron	7	6	0	0	Phosphorus copper	0	0	2	14
Swedish iron.	6	9	0	0	Ferro-manganese	0	1	0	20
Copper ingot	4	19	1	21	Red ore	0	1	0	3
Coke	4	12	0	0	Chromite	0	0	1	2
Spiegel	2	16	3	17	Aluminium	0	0	0	13
Cast-iron scrap	1	10	1	15	Antimony	0	0	0	4
Limestone	0	18	1	1	Total	138	18	8	2 1/2

and shown in the accompanying illustration, is only constructed by making use of a very large amount of raw material, the weight of which is three times as great as the completed engine. The illustration is reproduced from a photograph which Mr. F. W. Webb, the superintendent of the locomotive department at

Crewe, has had prepared, and it shows in a most instructive manner the relative proportions of the different substances employed in building the complicated mechanism. The coal, coke, and limestone shown in the centre of the picture are used in the metallurgical processes necessary for the extraction of the iron from its ores and its conversion into steel. It is unnecessary to refer to each of the other substances included in the group, but as instances of their use the parts played by the small quantities of manganese and chromium may be mentioned. By adding quantities of manganese up to five per cent. to molten iron in the casting ladle, the strength and ductility of the steel produced is greatly decreased, but beyond this proportion and up to fourteen per cent. of man-

a magnet. The presence of chromium increases the tenacity of steel and imparts a higher resistance to pressure. A small quantity produces a steel with a fine texture, while a larger quantity makes the steel harder. On this account, chrome steel is frequently employed in the manufacture of projectiles intended for piercing armour. Small quantities of nickel, tungsten, aluminium, and other substances are also added to melted steel in order to give the resulting metal particular characters.

CHILDREN'S GAMES AND CHRISTMAS MUMMERS.

The study of children's games, which has been entered into and pursued by Mrs. Gomme and other students of old customs, has been rewarded by the discovery of many interesting facts. It is now generally recognised that the stages of the intellectual life of an individual man present a marked analogy to the corresponding stages in the history of mankind at large. The fancies and ideas of the child thus closely resemble those of the savage or of primitive man. For instance, a great number of children's games consist of dramatic representations of marriage by capture and marriage by purchase, two customs which are still rife in different parts of the world. A

body of children can often be seen separating themselves into two hostile tribes, establishing a boundary line between them, and demanding the one from the other a selected maiden. They then engage in conflict to determine whether the aggressors can carry the maiden across the boundary or the defenders retain her within it. There can be little doubt that these games go back to high antiquity, and there is much probability that they are founded upon customs actually existing or just passing away at the time they were first played. In a similar way, the Christmas mummers are believed to represent the relics of a performance originally instituted to illustrate the contest between Winter and Spring. The mummers wear dresses in imitation of animals, or made of paper to imitate leaves, and the principal actors in the play are slain in mimicry and afterwards revived. The death and revivification of the warriors is to be found throughout the agricultural ceremonials of European peoples: and a critical examination of the performance has given good reason for believing that the original object of these actions was to represent the death and resurrection of the Spirit of Vegetation. St. George and his Eastern companions who now figure in the mummers' play are believed to be characters introduced in the Middle Ages in order to use the dramatic representations for ecclesiastical purposes.



Over-Sea Notes.

Peace Mani-
festos and
Truces.

The Tsar's rescript on armaments is probably the most important imperial message of modern times. But history teaches that somewhat similar inspirations have not been unknown to benevolent rulers in past ages. It was a Roman Emperor and a soldier to boot, the Emperor Probus, who first considered the idea of universal peace. He lived in the third century after Christ, and thought his power sufficiently established to proclaim that "arms shall rest and the people shall not any longer pay war taxes, the ox shall belong to the plough, the steed shall get used to peace. There is no longer strife in the Empire, and from this time we shall not require soldiers." His legions in Egypt

and Asia he set to build dams and roads, on the Danube they grew corn, and in Southern Gaul they planted olives and vines. But peace lasted only a few years, and Probus himself was murdered by his soldiers. Eight hundred years after Probus we have the same idea springing up amidst the monks of France, under the leadership of the Abbot Odilo. These worthy preachers of peace it was who induced a number of reigning princes, in A.D. 1041, to establish the Treuga Dei—the truce of God—which provided that in every week the time from Thursday to the following Monday, the days, namely, of Christ's passion and ascension, should be days of solemn peace in which no strife of arms should occur. But although

the *Treuga Dei* had the blessing of the Pope, it did not remain in force very long. It was not until the reign of Henry IV of France that the idea again appeared in any tangible shape. This monarch, supported by his able minister Sully, sought to establish in Europe a "Christian Republic," the members of which would be France, England, Spain, Sweden, Denmark and Lombardy, the five electorates of Germany, the states of the Church and the republics of Venice, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and middle Italy. He proposes that there should be perfect freedom of religion within this Christian Republic, and that a supreme court of arbitration should decide all quarrels which might arise between one state and another. The arms of all were to be directed against any individual state which refused to accept the dicta of the supreme court. But Henry was assassinated and his plan fell to the ground. The Austrian Emperor, Joseph II, the Prussian King Friedrich Wilhelm III, and the Tsar Alexander I were all anxious for peace, and proposed many a plan with that object in view, but they came to nothing.

German Universities. In no country in the world is university life in a more flourishing condition than in Germany. Recent statistics state that the number of students attending the various universities in the Fatherland is now 32,241, an increase of 1,311 on last year. Berlin heads the list of 21 universities with 4,882 students, and is followed by Munich with 4,028, Leipzig 3,174, Bonn 1,975, Halle 1,604, Breslau 1,587, Freiburg 1,545, Heidelberg 1,384, Tübingen 1,377, Würzburg 1,312, Göttingen 1,216, Marburg 1,115, Erlangen 1,070, Strasburg 1,040, Greifswald 864, Kiel 838, Jena 755, Königsberg 733, Giessen 733, Münster 537, and Rostock 462. In addition to these regular students there are 5,445 students who have not matriculated, but who are entitled to attend the lectures in the various faculties. The students of Protestant theology have decreased from 2,798 in 1897 to 2,682 in 1898. This is one of the most ominous phenomena in connection with modern university life in Germany. Each year shows a steady decrease in the number of divinity students. The other faculties are all flourishing. The number of law students has risen from 8,725 to 9,153, medical students from 8,633 to 8,682, and students of philosophy, philology, and mathematics from 9,207 to 10,202. The most expensive universities in Germany are those of Heidelberg and Bonn, the least expensive is Erlangen; but the average sum required for the support of a student at a German university is much less than it is in England. Including board, lodging, books, and college expenses, a German student if he is fairly economical can make a good appearance for less than £100 a year.

Russian Railways. The extraordinary progress which Russia is making in the rapid development of her resources is nowhere more clearly manifested than in the growth of her railway system. Within the last twenty years, thousands of miles of railway have been laid down in all parts of the country. A glance at a railway map of Russia for the year 1877, and at the most recent map dated 1898, shows how narrow the mesh of the network has become,

which now stretches over the face of this mighty empire. In England we are perhaps most interested in the huge undertakings known as the Siberian and Transcaspian lines. The Siberian line will probably revolutionise the trade of the Far East, by deflecting a large portion of it to the land route, and the Transcaspian line, in no sense a commercial undertaking, by pushing forward its branches to the Afghan, Persian, and Chinese frontiers, places Russia in a position to threaten our Indian frontiers. But another huge undertaking is the connection of the Siberian railway with the Black Sea. This is within measurable distance of realisation. The western terminus of the Siberian railway will be Chelabinsk. It is proposed to unite this point with the Volga at the town of Tsaritsyn. From the Volga a line is in course of construction to meet the railway running to the port of Novorossisk on the Black Sea. This connection once made, the vast resources of Siberia, its unlimited stores of grain and minerals, will be within reach of an ice-free port on the Euxine. Novorossisk never freezes, no matter how severe the winter is, and the Russians are now hard at work improving its accommodation for ships of the largest tonnage, by deepening the water and building the necessary breakwaters and piers.

The late Dr. William Kingsford. Canada lately lost by death in the course of the same day the architect who planned her Parliament buildings at Ottawa, and the writer to whom she owes the fullest history of British North America. Both were well on in years. Mr. Fuller, the architect of the Parliament buildings, had a site at his disposal designed by Nature for the legislative halls of a great country. He made the most of his opportunity, and to-day the Dominion has a Parliament House of unrivalled beauty. It owes much to the grandly commanding site, but, apart from this advantage, the building itself compares excellently with any building erected for a kindred purpose either in the New World or in the Old. Dr. William Kingsford, the historian of Canada, like the architect of the Parliament House, may be fitly said to have left his own monument. His ten volumes will never rank as a literary masterpiece. For wide, careful, and conscientious research, however, they will always rank high, and have a distinctive value. Dr. Kingsford was sixty-seven years of age when he began his self-imposed task. He worked at it for twelve years, and had brought it down to 1841, where he designed it should end, only three months before his death. The work was on too large a scale to pay its way through the press, and the ten volumes could not have been published had it not been for the help which the author received from three or four wealthy friends—patrons of literature after the eighteenth-century style. The history was a work of love to Dr. Kingsford, and the spirit in which he went about it was well described in a letter he wrote to an intimate friend, which was made public just after Dr. Kingsford's death. "To siren pleasures," he wrote, "I must turn a deaf ear. I arise at five, work till nine; go to the archives, or the library, work

there until half-past twelve; return home and dine at one; resume work at three, write such letters as I have to attend to, or continue at my desk until a quarter to six. After tea I read or write, and go to bed at eight. Such is my life, and so it must continue until I have ended my work." Great as was the task, it was given to Dr. Kingsford to complete it—to carry the history down to the period when Canada got responsible government, and to make his contribution to the history of a land and of an empire he loved.

Small Coins. An indication of some of the economic changes which are now taking place in the United States is afforded by the enormous increase in the number of small coins which are nowadays issued from the Federal mints. The smaller American currency consists of the cent, the five-cent piece, and the ten-cent piece. Next in order comes the quarter-dollar, or twenty-five cent piece, which is about equivalent to the English shilling. From the metal of which it is made the five-cent piece is popularly known as the nickel; while the ten-cent piece is a dime. Until a few years ago, except in the Eastern states, the one-cent bronze piece did very little service. Beyond the Mississippi it was seldom seen, and the nickel was the coin of low denomination most commonly used. An apple sold

from a stall in the street cost a nickel; a lead pencil cost a nickel; so did most daily newspapers, and so on through an indefinite list of articles which in England retail for one penny. In those days, if an article was sold for below a nickel, few people would wait for the bronze coins in change. These cents or pennies were contemptuously spoken of as "chicken feed." It was regarded as mean or parsimonious to wait for such change; so much so that the change was seldom offered, and newsboys thought themselves victims of injustice when, after the retail price of newspapers began to be reduced, a purchaser held out his hand for the change. Those were the "boom days" of the West, when everybody was either making money or hoping soon to do so, and when everybody was spending freely. The West is still prosperous, but "booms" are now of the past; and, as is the case in the older Eastern states, economic conditions are gradually approximating to those of European countries. One effect of this more settled condition of things is the increasing use of small coins. The newspaper publishers were the first to pioneer their use. Next came the drapers. Other tradesmen followed, with the result that the bronze penny pieces are now nearly as much used in the West as in the East, and are carried as universally as pennies and halfpennies are in England.

Varieties.

There is a man in Boston making £20,000 a year in what seems to be a remarkably easy way. He is the self-appointed Commissioner of the Wire Nail "pool," and his duty is to keep up the price of wire nails. So long as he does this he receives a commission of one cent a keg on all the wire nails that are sold. There is hardly a wire nail factory in America that is not included in the Wire Nail Association, and since it has been formed it has succeeded in more than doubling the prices. Every wholesale dealer is informed by the Commissioner that he is entitled to ten cents discount per keg if he deals with certain mills, and does not sell below a certain price. But the discount is only payable at the end of six months. If the dealer is doing anything of a trade the discount soon runs up to a large sum, and he loses the whole amount if he is found to have dealt even but once with an outside factory. At the same time the profits thus made enable the makers to sell nails for export at almost cost price; the consequences of which ingenious arrangement are that the American carpenters pay about three times as much for their nails as ours do, and the gentleman in Boston is in very easy circumstances.—J. G.

Dear Sir,—Having read with great interest the paper on "Memory" in this month's number of the magazine, I write to tell you of a little freak which mine played me a few months ago. I had been learning, as was my custom at the time, a few verses of poetry one morning, and, after making sure that I knew them "by heart," had gone out, intending to return to the house the following day. I believe I said the poem over to myself as I went along, whilst it was still fresh in my mind. Then I thought no more of it till later in the day; when, on trying to recall it, I found I had forgotten some of the lines. The next morning, on my way to the house, I tried again, only with the same result. But on reaching *that part* of the road where I had repeated them to myself the day before, I found I was able to recall the *whole* poem without the least difficulty or hesitation. As nothing like this had ever happened to me before, I venture to send an account of it, begging you to accept it for what it is worth.—ALICE M. ARMSTRONG.

In the September number of the *A Queen's Imprisonment*. "Leisure Hour" there was an allusion to the imprisonment of the Queen of Scotland—wife of Robert Bruce—at Burstwick in

Holderness. As showing to some extent the way in which people of rank lived in those times, the quaint directions as to the way in which she should be treated are not without interest. "Be it remembered," says the document (which is in Rymer's *Fœdera*, under the heading *Nomina plurimorum, qui secuti sunt Robertum Brus et missi in Prisons Angliæ*), "that when the wife of the earl of Carrick shall come to the King, she be sent to Burstewik, and that she have such an establishment, and her table furnished in such manner as is undermentioned; that is to say: that she have two women of the country with her; to wit, a lady, and a woman for her chamber, who may be of good age, and not gay, and that they be of good and steady conduct; to be in attendance, to wait on her; and two pages, who shall be also of good age, and prudent; of whom one shall be one of the pages of earl Ulvestier, namely John de Benteley, or any other whom he shall put in his place; and the other, any one of the country, to carve for her; and also, that she have a footboy to wait in her chamber, one who is sober, and not riotous, to make her bed, and all other offices pertaining to her chamber; and besides, it is ordered that she have a valet, who shall be of good bearing, and discreet to keep her eyes, to serve in the pantry and cellar; and that she have a cook; and she ought also to have three greyhounds, for her recreation in the warren there, and in the parks, when she chooseth; and that she have venison (in the park) and fish in the fisheries, according as she shall be inclined; and that she reside in the best house in the manor at her pleasure; and that she may visit the parks, and other places within the manor, at her pleasure; and it is commanded, by letters of the privy seal of the King, to Richard Oysel, seneschal of Holderness, that he provide for the said lady what is necessary for herself and for her household, and for the other matters agreeably to the above-mentioned ordinance."—J. G.

Tennyson on Vivisection. In a conversation with Lord Napier of Magdala, the Poet Laureate expressed himself very strongly about the horrible and brutal experiments in France and Italy; he said that without anæsthetics no animal should be cut open for the sake of science. "My whole heart," he said, "goes out to a certain writer in the 'Spectator,' who declared he had yet to find out that mankind was worth the cruel torture of a single dumb animal." Lord Napier replied that he had never carried a gun, nor even walked with shooters. "I have had enough of killing, and I can't bear to see an animal killed." Tennyson said he quite appreciated this feeling.

A New Use for Toy "Balloons." The increasing risk of collisions at sea, with all their terrible consequences, stimulates the interest that would in any circumstances be aroused by a rational proposal for reducing the danger of death by drowning. A Frenchman, M. Charles Janet, has recently carried out experiments at Beauvais with the object of proving that by means of a few indiarubber "balloons," as children call them, which may be carried in a very small compass and rapidly filled with air in time of danger, a person who knows nothing of swimming can

keep afloat in the roughest water. Nothing could be more simple than the apparatus, and it can be put into a box no larger than a lady's purse. It consists of a yard or so of whipcord, to which are attached four "balloons," rolled up, and what is necessary for blowing them out, and keeping them afterwards air-tight. The balloons should be filled only to about half of their full extent, so that they may offer sufficient resistance to the waves. This resistance is very remarkable considering the lightness of the material. M. Janet's children having fastened the apparatus just described to the upper part of the body, jumped into water thrown into violent commotion by the opening of sluice gates, and although they were whirled in the eddies and drawn under by the force of the current their disappearance was only momentary, whereas strong swimmers in the same circumstances would have run the risk of drowning.

Astronomical Notes for December.

The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 7h. 46m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 54m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 58m., and sets at 3h. 49m.; and on the 21st he rises at 8h. 5m., and sets at 3h. 51m. The last of these days is the shortest in the northern hemisphere and the longest in the southern, the Sun being vertical over the tropic of Capricorn about 7 o'clock on the evening of the 21st. He will be in perigee, or nearest the earth, the last day of the year. The Moon enters her Last Quarter at 10h. 6m. on the morning of the 6th; becomes New at 17m. before noon on the 13th; enters her First Quarter at 3h. 22m. on the morning of the 20th; and becomes Full at 21m. before midnight on the 27th. She is in apogee, or farthest from the earth, about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd; in perigee, or nearest us, about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th; and in apogee again about half-past 6 on the evening of the 29th. There will be a very small partial eclipse of the Sun on the 13th, but it will be visible only near the Antarctic Circle to the south of New Zealand; and a total eclipse of the Moon on the 27th, which will be visible in this country and over Europe, Africa, and part of Asia, the totality lasting from 10h. 57m. to 12h. 27m. Greenwich time, and the middle of the eclipse taking place about 18 minutes before midnight. The planet Mercury will be at greatest elongation from the Sun on the 4th, and will be visible in the evening after sunset during the first half of the month, but low in the heavens, being situated in the constellation Sagittarius; he will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 21st. Venus is at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 1st, but will be visible as a morning star before sunrise during the second half of the month, situated in the constellation Scorpio. Mars is nearly stationary in Cancer, increasing in apparent brightness; he rises about 8 o'clock in the evening at the beginning of the month, and before 6 at the end of it. Jupiter is a morning star, situated in the eastern part of Virgo, and moving towards Libra; he will be in conjunction with the horned waning Moon on the morning of the 10th. Saturn is not visible this month, being in conjunction with the Sun on the 6th.—W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club.

GREATER BRITAIN ACROSTICS.

II.

1. *Here*, where the sun sets in the ocean fair,
Ye may find what I hide if ye seek with care.
2. When this *queen* reigned buccaneers bold
Scoured the seas for treasure and gold.
3. The Union Jack waves; *they* are free,
Never again in chains to be.
4. See, in this *isle* a wondrous sight—
A lake of pitch, as black as night.
5. When hated Spaniards caught our seamen brave,
This dread *power* sent them to a cruel grave.
6. Spain, by this *race* more hated still,
Forced them to work against their will.
7. Then *he* arose, and with might and main
Conquered and slew the Dons of Spain.
8. A *chain of gems* of emerald hue
Dropt in a bath of sapphire blue.
9. A cloud fell o'er *this brave man's name*,
Who sternly quenched rebellion's flame.
10. Look on *this crop* of waving green,
Much sweetness comes from it I ween.

WHOLE.

Where many a gallant fight was fought
'Gainst French, and Dutch, and Spanish Don,
These were the prizes dearly bought—
Lives must be lost when empire's won!

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best answer in rhyme to the above Acrostic.

SHAKESPEAREAN ACROSTICS.

A prize of TWO GUINEAS is offered to the solver of this series of Acrostics, five in number. Winners of last year debarred. The solutions will not be published till April, so that the five answers need not be sent in until March 20th, or month by month, as competitors choose.

SECOND OF FIVE.

1. "I have felt so many quirks of . . . and grief."
2. "With his . . . in floods with laughter."
3. "This rudeness is a . . . to his good wit."
4. "Here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure Lady . . ."
5. "I had rather a fool to make me merry than . . . to make me sad."
6. "It . . . my intellect—true wit!"

7. "She cannot be so much without true judgment,
Having so . . . and excellent a wit.

THE WHOLE.

" . . . do oft prove prophets."

Find the word omitted from each quotation, and give Act and Scene of each reference.

All answers must be received by the 20th of this month. A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded to R. HUNTER, Mills of Drum, Crathes, Aberdeen, in the following competition.

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

FIVE SHILLINGS awarded each month for the best paragraph received for this column.

Imaginary Duties. Pleasureless pleasuring and imaginary duties, according to a great social philosopher of these latter days, are equally responsible for great waste of time, strength, and money, on the part of well-meaning people. In planning our winter schemes for the benefit of our neighbours, let us look into them by the light of this criticism, and consider how far our labour is likely to profit those for whose good our treats, classes, courses of lectures, etc., are organised, and how far we are conventionally entertaining people who are not really, but politely pretend to be, entertained, or as mechanically and doggedly "doing good" to others, against their will, and against both our grain and theirs. Why waste time and effort in maintaining what everyone feels to be hollow shams? Let us have more courage, more honesty, more common sense, and spend them in planning for others pleasures which shall please, or in the duty of discovering and supplying real needs. It won't be easier, but it will be worth while.

Cycle Satchels. In this month of present-giving, thimbles and needles are hard at work in leisure hours round the tea-table. Here are two new ideas for those who like to stitch their goodwill into their gifts, instead of buying them ready-made. First, a cycle satchel is to be recommended. The cyclist of the family is, as a rule, the express messenger as well, and does so much fetching and carrying that a satchel comes in very handily. An oblong bag, say twelve inches by eight, drawn in a couple of inches from the top with a double thick cord, or braid, is more to the purpose than any cyclist's basket yet contrived. It is lighter, more capacious; hung from the handle-bars it swings without jarring its contents, and carries the library book, bottle of medicine, pair of shoes, shop parcel, each or all with equal safety.

It should be fairly dark in colour, and reasonably rain-proof, but within these limitations is susceptible of much beauty, and may easily be made a suitable ornament to the bicycle carrying it.

A Bit of Old Blanket. A scrap of old blanket is the material for my other suggestion. No one who has not tried it will believe what an ideal stuff for embroidering on is condemned year by year to scrub floors and tables. The colour—Nankeen colour as fashionable drapers style it—is admirable, and the texture perfect. You couldn't pucker it if you tried. Wool becomes one with it, flax thread shines like silk on it, and silk looks its loveliest. For tea-cosies, satchels, covers for cushions, tables, cots, let me commend you to a bit of old blanket.

Christmas Greenery. Now that our home flowers are over, and before the markets are filled with forced and foreign blooms, it is time to make a decorative use of sprays and branches of evergreen things. When Christmas comes we shall not forget to

"Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,
That guard the portals of the house;"

but why have our rooms left bare and dreary till the festival? Why not fill a bowl with shining, dark-berried ivy, in place of the vanished chrysanthemums, or let a branch of laurel succeed the perished sprays of glowing autumn leaves that were more gorgeous than any flowers while they lasted? Many of the deciduous trees this year have been sunned by the exceptionally warm autumn into unusual forwardness; chestnut, ribus, and maple buds have burst their gummy sheaths, and show already the tender green of spring. These, if brought indoors and given plenty of water, will open and expand in a way delightful to watch.

Heart Music. Among public benefactors we ought surely to reckon the whistling errand-boys and singing chambermaids of daily life. For one person whose brain work may be disturbed by their spontaneous music, a dozen are insensibly cheered and brightened by such a pleasant accompaniment to the drudgery of the day's routine. A merry heart is a godsend to more than its owner. Sydney Dobell the poet used to tell a characteristic story of the Scotch professor, John Blackie, who was on one occasion the poet's guest. Blackie was busy writing in a room upstairs, when his host, who happened to be in the garden below, heard from the open window above a burst of sudden song—

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's the——"

then there was a long pause, while the pen sped over the paper, till again came a jovial strain—

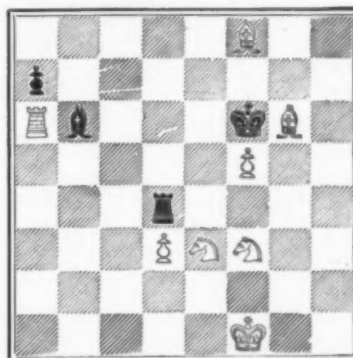
"——ere that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."

Another silence while the pen flew on, then another snatch of Annie Laurie, and so on till the end of the chapter. Only a sunny soul lives thus in song.

CHESS PROBLEMS.

By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

BLACK—FOUR.

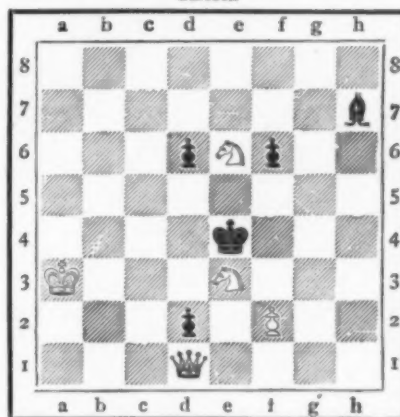


WHITE—EIGHT.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

5 + 5 = 10 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM ON PAGE 68.

1. Q—Q3, threatening mate on B4, against which Black's defences are K—B3; Kt—Q3; Kt—B4, Kt3 or K4; P×Q; or P—K6; and then mate follows by Q×KP; Kt—K7; Kt—Kt4; Q×Kt; or B—B3. The two mates with the Kts are pretty, as the Black Kts have blocked a square, and these blocks also occur when the Q mates on K4.

Mr. Jacob Verrall's solution is correct.

The Ambitious Crow.



THERE was once a young crow sitting up in
a tree,
Oh such a queer little crow!
For he had an ambition, and that was to be
Like his father, who seemed to be perfectly free
To do what he wanted, you know.



Now his father was wise—as all fathers should be—
Poor little, dear little crow!—
And he said, "You young fledgling, you quickly
shall see
That the best of ambitions is not to be free."
Alas! for that poor little crow.



In the nursery next day there was nothing for tea—
Poor little, dear little crow!—
But our friend was informed he was perfectly free
To eat all he could find—which was nothing, you
see:

He was such a very young crow.

And a worm who was near gave a wriggle of
glee,

Right in the face of that crow:
"If you live for a week or two longer," said he,
"And can learn to hop faster, you *may* feed on me,
But not just at present, ho! ho!"



It was not very kind, as I think you'll agree—
Poor little, dear little crow!—
But a worm who expects to be eaten for tea,
Or for breakfast or dinner, is hardly quite free;
To be sympathetic, you know.



Once again our young friend is perched up in a tree—
Oh, such a black little crow!—
But he covets no more unrestrained liberty,
For he now understands that all those who are free
Have to find their own meals—"An arrange-
ment," says he,
"Which is all very well for a bold chimpanzee,
But not for a good little crow."